

The Rotarian

NOVEMBER - 1950

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SYMPOSIUM Fine Citizens Who Don't Vote?



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READERS OF THE ROTARIAN

Idea Exchange Needed

Believes LESLIE FRAZIER, Rotarian Agricultural Agent

Dighton, Kansas

The articles comprising the debate Can Business Be Too Big! [THE Ro-TARIAN for October] were excellent. Both sides of the debate were well presented. In America we need more exchange of ideas boldly presented if we are going to be good citizens.

A democracy functions best when we have interested, informed people who look at all sides of problems. "A man's judgment is no better than his informa-

Footnoting Nehru

By B. P. AGARWALLA, Rotarian Coke Manufacturer Dhanbad, India

The article As Nehru Said, by K. A. D. Naoroji [The ROTARIAN for October], recalled for Rotarians of Dhanbad the visit of Prime Minister Pandit Nehru and the President of the Indian Repub-



India's President (left) discusses the problem of coal (also see letter).

lic, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, to our district. The coal industry gave them a reception at Dhanbad and I enclose a photograph showing the President conversing with me on coal problems [see cut].

The visit of these two leaders of India occurred about the same time that Rotary's 1949-50 President, Percy Hodgson, visited our country. I had the pleasure to meet him at the intercity meeting at Jamshedpur. We were much impressed by his personality and courage.

Warfarin for Warfare on Rats

Described by W. H. BROOKS, Rotarian Past Service

Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

The article Let's Kill Off the Rats, by Thomas Powell [The Rotagian for September], covers the subject very well, but fails to mention a new development not yet publicized. This is called "warfarin," or compound 42, or WARF42, and is covered by a circular of the



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or crawl.

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Antrim Approved

By U. RAE COLSON, Rotarian Calendar Manufacturer Paris, Illinois

I have just finished reading Tragedy with a Happy Ending, by Doron K. Antrim [THE ROTARIAN for October].

Give us more stories by Antrim, because he writes in a vein of commonsense and helpfulness-to all Rotarians who read him.

A View on College Athletics

From F. D. APPLEGATE, Rotarian YMCA Secretary and Manager Walla Walla, Washington

In A Plan to Clean Up College Athletics [THE ROTARIAN for September] John A. Hannah advocates two short and simple rules which he believes would solve the problem. These rules make no mention of amateurs or professionals-for which I am thankful. Of all the assinine, un-American, and undemocratic ideas in college sports, this is the one which makes me see red. Here is my point: Two kids are born on opposite sides of the tracks. One comes from a wealthy family. One does not. The one without money plays semipro or professional ball. They go to college and the lad who needed the money and earned it is ineligible to compete in sports. In my book, money has no more right to enter the picture here than it would have on the battlefield of Korea.

Changed Attitude Needed

Believes P. M. SNIDER, Rotarian Athletic Director, Juniata College Huntingdon, Pennsylvania

I was interested in John A. Hannah's A Plan to Clean Up College Athletics [The Rotarian for September] and comments by Forrest C. ("Phog") Allen and Howard J. McGinnis, with whom I agree. The N.C.A.A. has taken a step to try to correct the problem, but the "Sanity Code" has not been the success anticipated because of bad publicity. However, I believe it is a step in the right direction. We as the public need to change some attitudes we have toward college athletics.

In no other department of college activities is there a greater opportunity for a student to learn to prove his worth to society as an individual. Football is only one sport in its program. Other sports have their appeal to the undergraduate and with the advent of sports to all-intramurals-one derives satisfaction in playing a sport in which he possesses excellence of performance. He knows there are no handouts and security. He must be good to survive selection for the teams.

This places an obligation on the college authorities to see that the participant receives the best type of instruction. Let those who have academic leanings project themselves into policy making and into the administering of college athletics. I am sure that what they learn will help keep college athletics on an even keel and there will be a better understanding of the physical and intellectual needs of the student.

Friendly Contacts Created

Asserts T. N. SETH, Rotarian Riochemist Patna, India

I was sorry to read the letter from Rotarian Henry Morley, of Hucknall, England, in Talking It Over [THE Ro-TARIAN for July] under the heading "Clubs Not Answering Mail." I have no doubt that he and his friends have been greatly disappointed at receiving practically no response to their friendly letters of greeting and goodwill at Christmas time. The response to the dozen or so letters written by him last year as Club Secretary of his Club was also only 50 percent. He naturally asks, "But is that good enough?" My reply is, "Yes, even a 50 percent response is well worth having."

The task of creating goodwill and friendship among the peoples of different countries is so urgent and so pressing that every contribution, however humble and small it may be, is most welcome. To give up the attempt at befriending people in different parts of the world just because some of them, or



Attention, Sportsmen!

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"Here is something entirely new that we have started. You've had guests you didn't want to come again? . . ."

even half of them, are too lazy or to indifferent to respond to one's gesture of goodwill is to accept defeat. If even the Rotarians give up the sponge, how can we expect others to work for the creation of the "One World" which we are all hoping and longing for?

My experience as Secretary of the Rotary Club of Patna during the last year was quite different from that of my friend Morley. We were able to create a number of very friendly and pleasant contacts with people of different countries and each time we read at our meetings a friendly letter from some distant Rotarian, it stirred our hearts with feelings of goodwill and amity toward others. And, after all, is it not the creation of such feelings in the hearts of men and women all over the world which will ultimately cement us all into one large and loving family?

I hope Rotarian Morley will take heart and keep on with the good work, for such work can never be wasted.

'Echo'-Excellent Contribution

Says Thomas J. Keane Director, Civic Relationships Roy Scouts of America New York, New York

The article on Scouting, Echo from a Valley [THE ROTARIAN for September], was excellently written and effectively illustrated. If Rotarians got as much pleasure out of reading it as the Scouters do, then it will be an excellent contribution to both our organizations.

On Becoming Civilized

By JUAN B. HERNÁNDEZ Chairman, Philippine Red Cross Secretary, Rotary Club San Pablo City, The Philippines

The editorial We Can Shape Our Fu-ture, by Lord Woolton [The ROTARIAN for August], has caused me to muse on how really civilized we have become since the days of our Paleolithic kin. Indeed how has man shaped his future since those ancient days? Let us count the ways.

Unlike our Paleolithic cousins, we live no more in caves or rock shelters, but in mansions of concrete and wood. We don't have to cultivate the soil with sticks, for there are tractors and farm hands to do it for us. And we get fire with which to cook our meals not from wood but from electric fluid. For that is the civilized way. . . . We don't have to tame wild animals anymore, for that belongs only to circus performers;

proud product of an advanced age as we are, we should instead occupy our mind with taming the atom, radium, bacteria, and other more important things

We fight our enemies not with axes, but with giant tanks, giant bombers, giant ships, giant guns-giant fruit of our civilized mind. Indeed, we fight each other with such civilized barbarity that we almost wipe out the very civilization which we so loudly and proudly brag about.

The war is over, but we are starting to shape our future in the same old civilized way again. We are leading ourselves once more, but this time toward a savagely civilized end.

Let us pause a while and ask ourselves a couple of questions. Suppose another war breaks out. Shall we yet be proud that we have become as civilized as we are now? Can we loudly and proudly say that we have shaped our future as it really should be shaped? Or may we not wish that we have lived the lives by our kindred of Paleolithic and Neolithic times?

Memorial to Kathy

Told by ROY DENNY, Rotarian Retired Insurance Executive San Marino, California

In Last Page Comment in THE Ro-TARIAN for June, 1949, the Editors took note of the tragic accident and death of tiny Kathy Fiscus, 4-year-old daughter of David H. Fiscus, Secretary of the Rotary Club of San Marino. Rotarians, especially in [Continued on page 54]



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Rotary Membership Quiz

WHAT is the minimum number of charter members required to organize a new Rotary Club?

Twenty,

What is the principle of membership limited by classification?

That active membership in a Club shall consist of but

one man in each classification of business or profession, excepting the newspaper classification and the provisions for additional active and senior active memberships.

Is it proper for a Rotarian to consider his company as holding membership in

his Rotary Club?

No. Membership in a Rotary Club is considered to be the personal membership of the individual.

If a Rotarian removes from one city to another and his classification is open in the Rotary Club in his new community, may he have his membership transferred to that Club?

No. He must again be properly proposed and regularly elected.

What are the kinds of membership in a Rotary Club?

There are active (including additional active), senior active, past service, and honorary memberships.

Are the senior active, past service, or additional active memberships properly regarded as classifications?

No. These forms of Rotary membership are not classifications. Each represents a *kind* of membership.

sents a kind of membership.

Do all kinds of Rotary membership
have classifications?

No. Active membership (including additional active membership) carries a classification. Senior active and past service members do not have classifications, but otherwise have all the rights, privileges, and responsibilities of active members.

Do the rights and privileges of an honorary member extend to all Clubs? No. He has no rights or privileges in any Rotary Club other than the one in

which he holds membership.

Is a Rotarian's classification determined by the position he holds with a firm or by the business in which he is engaged?

It is determined by the business, or service to society, of his firm. In other words, a president of a bank will hold the classification of "banking," not "bank president."

How may an active member lose his membership in his Club?

Mainly by ceasing to be personally engaged, within the territorial limits of his Club, in the business or professional classification under which he is classified.

If you want further opportunity to "read Rotary" in Spanish, you will find it in Revista Rotaria, Rotary's magazine published in that language. A one-year subscription in the Americus is 32.



¿QUE mínimo de socios fundadores se requiere para organizar un Rotary Club nuevo!

Veinte.

¿En qué principio se basa la limitación por clasificaciones del personal de socios? En que éste ha de integrar-

se sólo con un individuo de cada rama de los negocios o profesiones, exceptuado el periodismo y lo relativo a socios activos adicionales y socios veteranos activos.

¿Procede correctamente el rotario que considera a su empresa como miembro de su Rotary club?

No. El pertenecer a un Rotary club es privilegio personal del rotario.

Si un rotario cambia su residencia a otra ciudad y su clasificación está vacante en el club de ésta, spuede su calidad de miembro del club anterior transferirse al de su nueva residencia?

No. Tendrá que ser propuesto y elegido en la forma reglamentaria.

¿Cuáles son las clases de socios que existen en un Rotary club?

Socios activos (inclusive activos adicionales), veteranos activos, de servicio anterior y honorarios.

¿Es correcto considerar como clasificaciones las denominaciones de socio veterano activo, socio de servicio anterior o socio activo adicional?

No. Estas denominaciones de socios de Rotary clubs no son clasificaciones. Representan, cada una, clases de socios, ¿Corresponden clasificaciones a todas las clases de socios de Rotary clubs?

No. Los socios activos (inclusive los activos adicionales) ostentan clasificación. Los veteranos activos y los de servicio anterior no la tienen, pero, fuera de esto, disfrutan de todos los derechos, privilegios y responsabilidades de los socios activos.

¿Disfruta el socio honorario de los mismos derechos y privilegios en todos los Rotary clubs?

No. El socio honorario no goza de derechos ni privilegios en ningún club fuera del propio.

¡Determinan la clasificación del rotario el puesto que ocupa en su empresa o las ocupaciones a que se dedica?

La determinan las actividades, o el servicio que rinde a la sociedad, su empresa. En otras palabras, al presidente de un banco le corresponde la clasificación de "banca", no la de "presidente de banco".

¿Cómo puede perder su calidad de socio en su club un miembro activo del mismo?

Principalmente por dejar de dedicarse, dentro de los límites territoriales del club, a las ocupaciones en que se basó su clasificación.

Si desea usted más oportunidades de "leer Rotary" en español las encontrará en Revisra Rotarka, la revista de Rotary editada en el mencionado idioma. La suscripción anual en el continente americano cuesta \$2.



WILL DURANT. scholar, writer, and philosopher, attained the sta-

tus of a "best selling" author with his The Story of Philosophy in 1926. His most recent work is The Story of Civilization. He holds M.A. and Ph.D. degrees, and has taught philosophy at Columbia University and the University of California. This is no debut for Dr. DURANT in THE ROTARIAN. He is simply renewing a long acquaintance with its readers.



NORMAN VIN-CENT PEALE, minister of the Marble Collegiate

Church in New York, N. Y., since 1932, is a member of the Rotary Club of New York, author of books that have given new hope to many, and conductor of the network radio program "The Art of Living." From newspaper reporting, he entered the ministry. He received his M.A. degree at Boston University. The degree of doctor of divinity has been conferred upon him three times



JOHN L. KENT makes articles on science and industry his specialty.

Former Washington, D. C., editor of two industrial magazines, he occasionally uses his editorial talents for the U.S. Department of Commerce. His articles have appeared in many trade publications. lives in Silver Spring, Maryland.

This month's cover is the work of LYNN BOGUE HUNT, whose Nature paintings have annually imparted an Autumnal flavor to THE ROTAR-

In This Issue

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There Are Glorious Days Ahead

THEY WILL COME IF WE LEARN TO THINK POSITIVELY

AND STRIVE EARNESTLY TO 'GET PEACE IN OUR MINDS.'

By Norman Vincent Peale

Minister, Marble Collegiate Church New York City; Rotarian

THE great question of our day—propounded from the platform and in the press—is "How to get a better world."

I am in favor of that better world. Unless we get one soon, we are likely to end up with no world whatsoever. Yet I often wonder why, in the midst of all this perfectly proper and laudable talk about a better world, someone somewhere does not say something about how the individual can live in the world that we now have, pending the arrival of the better one.

There is one fact with which we have to deal and it is simply that as long as we are alive, we have to live. I realize that this is a rather elementary thought, that it will not fill you with any bursting enthusiasm. Yet it is a truth—and there is nothing you can do about it.

This is a sophisticated generation, and it is the mark of a sophisticated man to dissemble—that is, not to show upon that outward facade known as his countenance the inner frustrations of his personality. But underneath, such a person is frequently only half alive. He is haunted by worry, defeated by fear, torn by inner conflict, plagued by a sense of insecurity and uncertainty.

It is said by good authority that every day in the United States of



even put the American people to sleep with a sermon!

Every other hospital bed in my country is occupied, according to reliable statistics, by a patient who was put there not by any organic or germ disease, but because he cannot handle his emotional life.

As we consider the life of our time we discover that people do not seem to be thinking properly. This is very dangerous. It is one of the basic facts of human nature that the world in which we live is not formed by outer circumstances and conditions but, primarily, by what is in our minds.

The wisest man of the Roman Empire, so I am told, was Marcus Aurelius. He said, "A man's life is what his thoughts make of it."

The wisest man who ever lived in the United States of America, according to some, was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said, "A man is what he thinks about all day long."

One of the greatest psychologists of America said, "There is a deep tendency in human nature to become like that which you imagine yourself to be." And the Bible, wisest and most modern of all books, says, "As a man thinketh in his heart"—that is, in his subconscious mind—"so is he."

It is a fact that if you think negatively, you create, as certainly as there is a law that lifts the tides, a negative atmosphere in which only a negative result can come to pass. But if you think positively, you throw back every destructive force. You let the great creative forces of Almighty God and the universe flow into a situation and, in the very nature of the case, by your thoughts you create a positive situation.

Perhaps the reason this is a problem world is that we have so many problem people. Most of us are problems to ourselves. Probably this is the most highstrung and tense generation of people the world has ever known. To have peace in our world we have got to get peace in our minds.

In order to accomplish this, we must preserve at all costs our greatest possession: human freedom.

Broadly speaking, two mighty pillars support the temple of the free State. One is the sovereignty of Almighty God, ruler of all men, however you conceive of Him; and the other pillar is the greatness of human personality.

You cannot make a slave of a man who believes in the greatness of God and in his own divine origin and eternal destiny. But when the idea of God grows dim, then the dignity of man sinks.

If we lose freedom in this world, I warn you, and out of a great, free tradition I hurl the warning, it will be because the spiritual conception of life has grown pale and thin.

In Philadelphia, atop the City Hall, there is a colossal statue of William Penn, founder of the State of Pennsylvania and one of the founders of the United States of America. William Penn said one thing which should never be forgotten. It should be emblazoned on the capitol of every country in the world. Said Penn: "Unless we are governed by God, we shall be ruled by tyrants."

As Rotarians, believing in freedom with all our hearts, let us raise a great affirmation for freedom.

The problems of the world are not hopeless. If we think positively, if we get peace in our hearts, and if, above all else, we rededicate ourselves to those spiritual principles which preserve freedom, then I tell you, and Rotary tells the world, there are glorious days ahead for all humanity.



"If we get peace in our hearts . . . there are glorious days ahead for all humanity."—A reverie stirred in Artist J. M. Cadel by Dr. Peale's message.



What Makes Men Happy?

YOU TOO CAN MASTER THE ART OF LIVING ADVENTUROUSLY YET CONTENTEDLY!

By Will Durant

Author and Philosopher



Illustrations by Don Stryker

AM amazed by the amount of happiness there is in the world. Reading a newspaper, one would never suspect there are so many men who are faithful to their wives and so many wives who like their husbands, so many people getting along quite happily. It's contrary to all that we read.

Yet there is a great deal of happiness in the world. Where does it come from? Where do these people get it?

Let us start with a definition of happiness. Mark Twain, you may remember, defined "climate" as "just weather, but more of it." We might say the same thing about happiness: it's just pleasure, but more of it—a sort of symphony and harmony of pleasures.

But you ask, "What is pleasure?" Well, I can give you a very simple definition: Pleasure is the satisfaction of any desire or any sense.

Usually it involves the acceleration of some process that makes for life or growth; it quickens the breath and the pulse; it dilates the arteries, brightens the eyes, warms the body, and makes the whole system feel nourished. The glands, in pleasure, pour their juices into the blood and this generates exclamations, laughter, song, even dance.

In a natural life, pleasure usually accompanies only actions that make for life and growth, but in a civilization this correlation fails. Pleasures of the part may be the detriment of the whole, as when we gorge ourselves with sweets, or make enemies through selfish actions or unkind speech. Only when pleasures harmonize do they constitute happiness.

How can we bring harmony into our desires and into the pleasures that come from the satisfaction of desires? We do this through intelligence, which is the application of past experience to the present situation. It enables us to examine our desires. We can ask ourselves what would happen if we realized such-and-such a desire: would it conflict with a still stronger desire?

In a sense, consciousness might be defined as a theater for the rehearsal of potential response. Thus we can, in our imagination, go through the actions that we think of doing. We can foresee the results by applying the memory of past results of similar responses. Then we can choose more or less intelligently.

Our strongest desires are those rooted in instinct and our strongest pleasures are those coming from the strongest instincts—acquisition, reproduction, self-preservation. But we must add, again, the element of harmony. Some instincts are negative, like the instinct of flight, so we should say that happiness is the harmonious operation of positive instincts.

The happiness of the child is the exuberance of natural vitality, the exhilaration of a world-discovering growth. Normally, children are happier than adults because they have simple desires. Their actions are not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." They live for the moment and suck it dry. Their eyes are upon the things they do, not upon the stars. They fall, but not into wells.

Children smile and they laughtwo divine mysteries, probably bound up with the relaxation of muscles of the face or diaphragm after the relieved tension of wonder or fear. But no scientist has quite yet explained the physiology or psychology of laughter or of the smile

Perhaps those two things differentiate us from the animal more than anything else. Aristotle said that reason differentiates us, and the highest thing a man can do, therefore, is to be wise, but I'm not so sure. I have met some wise people who didn't seem to be particularly happy.

I should say that gavety is wiser than wisdom, and humor is kin with philosophy. Both in humor and in philosophy you view the part in the perspective of the whole, and anything viewed on a large perspective is funny and be-

comes intelligent.

Youth has the happiness of physical vitality, of joy and action, the harmonious operation of muscles, senses, nerves. Even baseball or cricket fulfills many of our instincts. We like to hit things, we like to knock things down. We have an instinct to run and our games give us pleasure because they express these instincts.

The Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the man who wrote the cynical Maxims away back about 1710, said that the strongest of human instincts is to sit down. I don't believe it. The strongest human instincts are to move about, to creep, to stand, to walk, to run, to climb, to swim, and at last to fly. There is a natural pleasure in all these and our greatest games are those that involve these motions.

If philosophers are sad, it is because they sit too much. Let them stretch their legs in the sun and their whole weltanschauung will brighten. Pessimism is not a philosophy but an illness; some organ is injured or diseased and generalizes its pain into a cosmic woe. What often is needed in the pessimist's case is not a refutation but an aperient.

If your work compels you to think, relieve your work at least two hours a day with physical activity. Cut the lawn. Sprinkle the weeds. Paint the fence. Water the flowers. Plant potatoes. If you are a lady, you need two hours of active housework every day. They are excellent for the figure and cost less than massage.

So the first secret of happiness is action. To be busy is the secret of grace and half the secret of content. If you feel awkward in any situation, put your mind on some job you have to do and your awkwardness will disappear. We should ask not for possessions but for things to do.

Most of us enjoy our pleasures too passively. It is better to strike



Happiness lies in the old-fashioned and natural relationships of the home.

out on the corner lot than to burn with sedentary excitement in the grandstand. It is better to hit your thumb as an amateur carpenter than to sit passively before the radio or the television or the screen: better to drive nails than to paint them; better to paint your house than the town.

Now, action leads to health and health is the second secret of happiness. Let the body be hale in all its parts and misfortune falls upon us with only half its weight. Even truth will not long injure us if we are well. "Give me health and a day," said Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

Don't live like a lady and eat like a ditch-digger. Touch the toes of your unbent legs 15 times every day before you go to bed and drink two glasses of warm water (said my old father to me) every day before you have breakfast. Take a four-mile walk in the air every week, even if it kills you. Live in the country, if you can-and if you can stand the boredom of it.

Next to health, the greatest boon is affection. Since happiness is the harmonious operation of the instincts and the deepest instincts are hunger and sex, happiness flourishes best on a mixture of good food and love. Therefore, get yourself both a friend and a mate.

Don't wait until you have money to marry; marry and your wife will compel you to get money!

Now. I should admit, as did Schopenhauer, that love is a snare to reproduction. Nature lures us with beauty in order to replace us with offspring, but it is a very pleasant snare, full of tribulation and delight, and I don't think we ever pay too much for it. One touch of a woman's hand is worth a thousand dollars-if the touch is not for too much.

I grant you that marriage has its woes as well as its joys. an unnatural institution. It's uphill work. I don't think Nature ever intended people to live in this perpetual intimacy, to see one another across the table, two or three times a day, forever. I think a sort of moratorium on matrimony should be declared for two weeks every year and the wife should invite her husband to go and take a vacation with his male friends for a week or two. Similarly, that should apply to the woman.

Remember, too, that the average woman needs romance. If you can't give her romance, speak romantic words to her; show her every day your affection by little acts of solicitude and tenderness and by words. Nothing costs so little, or pays so well, as a kind word.

My wife was once asked to define a gentleman and she gave a marvellous definition: "A person who is continuously considerate." This is also a good definition of a

If you marry, you are likely to have babies, and there, too, you face new tribulations and new delights. Napoleon, who had every opportunity to taste the pleasures of life, said that he had never had any happiness except in the arms of Josephine, who deceived him, and in smearing with jam the princely face of his son, the King of Rome.

No, it is not in our external and economic relationships that happiness lies, but in the old-fashioned and natural delights of the home, of marriage, and of throwing the latest infant into the air. In the fulfillment of our deepest functions we find our deepest happiness.

However, middle age does come upon us. What are its sources of happiness?

First, I should say that youth need not end with marriage. Husband and wife may still continue in college or postgraduate study, as many soldier boys have done since World War II. Though in my day it was highly exceptional, I took all my postgraduate work with my wife at my side. Those were happy days. Many a time she has said to me, "Ah, Will, wouldn't it be nice if we were students again sitting at the feet of John Dewey or old Woodbridge at Columbia?"

We elders should make sure that we don't wait until our children are Ph.D.'s and earning \$10,000 a year before they are married. Let us finance the early years of their marriage, to bridge the gap between their biological and economic maturity.

In our middle age, should we regret the passing of youth? I don't think so. Youth, when we look back upon it, was not such a happy age. It was an age of worry about finding a place in the world, an age of unformed ambition and restlessness as well as of action and health. Perhaps we idealize the past because we know we won't have to live it again.

Middle age has the pleasure of accomplishment. It has found its footing, which is half the game of life, and it derives a reasonable pleasure from the acquisition of wealth and comfort. We need not scorn that too much, for naturally, in the acquisitive instinct lies the foundation of any economic system and any society.

A man may take pride in having

made his way. However, this satisfaction in the possession of wealth and comfort is not a fundamental satisfaction. It doesn't give us the thrill that health and affection give us, or even the activity that we may have in the cellar at a carpenter's bench. Wealth very often brings as much worry as pleasure; one pays for mistakes in four to five figures instead of one. Actually there is more happiness among the poor than among the rich.

Another pleasure of middle age and of money is that we can give



Separate vacations, says the author, will keep the "sparkle" in marriage.

things. There is more pleasure in the money we spend on others than in that which we spend on ourselves. There is no doubt about it. The real motive for our economic activity is not the seeking of profits; it is the love of our children, the love of our wives.

At middle age, let us say a man has arrived at accomplishment, may even have the pleasure of fame. But that, too, like wealth is a precarious pleasure with many a cloudy fringe. To rise is hard, to fall is easy. To be lifted up is to be a target for the envy and vulgarity of the world. Think of the price that any man pays for the privilege of being the head of a State.

One of the greatest gifts of middle age, I think, is the quiet coming of a certain understanding, a kind of quiet comprehension hard to name. To understand is to forgive, say the French. Middle age is more tolerant, more moderate in its opinions, than either youth or senility. Middle age realizes the truth of the old Greek adage of meden agan—nothing too much; nothing in excess—and it serves as a healthy mediator be-

tween the radicalism of youth and the timid conservatism of old age, between young imagination and old fear. The people of middle age are the sanity and stability of our society.

So we come to old age. One of the marvels of our time is that we age so slowly. I think a man is still in his full mental power at 65, probably until 70. That is an astonishing thing when you remember that the average length of life 400 years ago was about 21 years and 100 years ago about 40 years. Now it is about 65 or so.

As old age creeps upon us, we admit that we are not quite what we used to be. We drop out of tennis and subside into golf. We are out of golf and into gardening. We are out of gardening, into strolling with a cane—becoming the famous three-legged organism the Sphinx wanted Oedipus to describe

Illnesses increase. The back and the joints get stiff. But at least with old age we have the happiness of peace. "I thank God," said Giordano Bruno, "that the fires of desire have finally burnt out in me."

You have grandchildren when you are old, and perhaps that is the final and greatest delight of all. I think our greatest happiness is in children, and perhaps the greatest is in the children our children have. In Utopia there would be no children; there would only be grandchildren.

And in old age we have the pleasures of the mind. Then it is good to have made friends with the great minds. From the day we leave college we should begin our education, first, by living; second, by reading. I grant you that life is better than learning, but even the secondhand experience of reading is valuable and delightful. Just remember that in some mysterious country of the mind, all the great writers, artists, scientists, philosophers, are still there, waiting for you. All you have to do is open a book, sit before a statue or a painting, and there they are. Perhaps this is the most precious thing in life, next to the affection of those whom we love.

Finally, we must face death. Happy the man who, nearing his end, can share the sublime faith of Christianity or Judaism or Islam, that death is but a portal to a better life! But if we cannot rise to that confidence, let us remember that perhaps we don't wish to live forever. Almost anything would be a bore after 10 billion years!

Furthermore, remember that we are only a part of a whole. We are not a complete reality in ourselves and our death is the life of the whole. The cells on your skin are dying and they slough off; only because of the continuous death of the worn-out cells in your body and the replacement by fresh cells do you continue to live. Thus is it that the death of the part is the life of the whole.

We as individuals are parts of a whole. Let us identify ourselves as much as we can with the good fortune and the development of our community; then when we pass away we'll not be completely dead. We shall have left something behind—our children and our work—which lives on.

At this moment there must be, 100,000 people reading Plato. Is he not immeasurably more alive

than most of us? Yes, death is like a writer's style. Pater defines it as the removal of rubbish. So we might define death as the circumcision of the superfluous. The essential continues.

If we have lived fully and well, we won't object to going. My father died at 89. We didn't feel terribly about it. It seemed natural and good that he should rest and sleep after all those years.

I think of Marcus Aurelius, who long ago fought the Germans on the Danube. In A.D. 180, knowing that he was dying of a stomach ailment, he wrote a little book called Meditations. In it he says to himself: "Thou hast existed as a part; thou shalt disappear into that which produced thee. This, too, Nature wills. Pass then through this little space of time conformably to Nature and end thy journey in content, just as the olive falls when it is ripe, thanking the tree on which it grew and blessing the Nature that gave it birth."

If we live fully, we shall, when we end, thank God and thank man for the privilege of life, for every morsel we have eaten, every trial we have faced, every soul we have helped, every love we have given or received.

We shall bid our loved ones good-by and say to them what the old Indian said to his hunting tribe when, at his command, they left him behind to die: "You should go where you can get meat. My days are nearly all numbered and I am a burden to my children. I cannot go and I wish to die. Keep your hearts stout and think not of me."

Or, as Walt Whitman put it:

- I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
- I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.
- I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
- If you want me again look for me under your bootsoles.
- You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean.
- But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
- And filter and fiber your blood.

 Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
- Missing me one place search another.

 I stop somewhere waiting for you.



Here's Good Reading!



EVERY man should, week by week, buy one great book. You can build a library around three or four books that will give you the history of the world, and then thread all the others into that. May I suggest a few?

Get Breasted's book called Ancient Times, which brings history down to A.D. 476.

Then get James Harvey Robinson's Ordeal of Civilization, which is a history of medieval and modern Europe and comes right down to Woodrow Wilson.

Third, get Charles Beard's The Rise of American Civilization. With those three books you have

skeleton of history.

When, in those books, you come to the name Plato, drop the history, take up Plato's Republic and read it. When you come across a reference to Euripides, read his play The Trojan Woman, translated by Gilbert Murray. It must be Murray's translation.

If you have time, read Aristophanes. You'll be amazed that one of his greatest difficulties, 420 B.C., was the communist move-

ment in Athens. And you think you are up against it for the first time!

If you have a good stomach, read Lucretius, De rerum natura, a famous poem on the nature of things, and one of the most powerful and profound productions of the human mind.

Don't miss Plutarch's Lives. It sone of the world's ten greatest books. Napoleon carried a copy of it with him wherever he went. Heine said, "When I read Plutarch, I have all I can do to keep from jumping on a horse and conquering Paris."

Read Omar Khayyam. He's not the greatest of the Persian poets, but he is the one who has been best translated.

Read some of Vasari's Lives of the Painters covering the lives of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, and others. You'll find it delicious, full of luscious anecdotes.

Read some of Montaigne's Essays, especially the one on friendship. Read a little bit of Cervantes' Don Quixote. Read five or

six plays of Shakespeare. Don't miss the essays of Francis Bacon, the greatest prose ever written in English except the King James Bible.

Yes, read the Bible, especially the Prophets, the Psalms, the Song of Solomon—one of the loveliest love poems ever written—and, of course, the New Testament.

If you want more modern authors, read the greatest historian, Gibbon, on The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Read the book by Eckermann called Conversations with Goethe. Read Schopenhauer's Essays and learn of all the faults of womankind. Read the four odes by Keats, the greatest poems in English—Ode to the Nightingale, Ode to Autumn, Ode to Melancholy, and Ode to a Grecian Urn.

Read the greatest novel ever written, Dostoevski's The Brothers Karamazov, or Tolstoy's War and Peace. Read Whitman's poems.

And now you have an outline of a library with which you can be wise and grow old—learning something every day!—Will Durant.

We're Losing the Battle of the Birds

HE biggest bird battle of the century is about to enter Round 51. Nearly every town, village, and hamlet in 43 States of the U.S.A. (and in many counties in England) is fighting with one of the most obnoxious birds in the world-the starling. As yet he hasn't lost a single roundwhether in America, Britain, Northern Europe, or Asia.

What's more, these yellowbilled birds with the shiny black feathers seem to thrive on the

One of the main objections to starlings is the fact that where there is one there are bound to be thousands in a short time. They won't live alone. They like companionship, and lots of it, so they congregate in large, bickering flocks. And wherever they gather they lower real-estate values, raise maintenance costs, spatter public buildings and neon signs with their droppings, and in general make life miserable for everyone. Worse still, once they take over a city, the community is pretty well



Starlings, beware! In its blitz on the birds, Evansville, Ind., mounted this gunner in the tower of the courthouse.

IT'S A FIGHT AGAINST THE PESKY STARLING.

WHOSE DIRTY LEGIONS DEFY MANY A CITY.

By Stanley J. Meyer

stuck with them-or so it seems.

Take the case of a large Ohio city. Several years ago starlings took over the residential sections for their nightly roostings during the Summer months. Thousands of birds would gather in the trees, sometimes so many on a single limb that the limb broke.

In a few weeks the districts were covered with droppings. The starlings quarrelled so loudly that few citizens got any sleep. The people fought with the birds and with one another. Then the warm nights cooled, and the birds left as suddenly as they had come. Everyone was happy, until they learned that the starlings had merely moved into the downtown

Now the whole city suffered from the plague. Shoppers parked their cars blocks from the heart of town. Those who didn't had the paint on their automobiles ruined. Window shopping was done from the curb, signs and marquees were unreadable, cornices and ledges of the buildings were black with roosting starlings.

The starlings staved all Winter. then when the nights started to warm up again, they left. But they didn't go far. They went back to the residential areas.

Finally the people became so angry that the city manager called a meeting of the Merchants' Council and the Fish and Game Association. They decided the only way to free the community was to slaughter the birds in wholesale

The police department organized bands of skilled marksmen and when someone notified them of a large roosting, they would go to the site, scatter, and fire into the trees simultaneously. In one Summer alone they killed 80,000

starlings. But the starlings didn't seem to mind. They stayed, and today they still overrun the city.

The story is repeated in community after community. In one city in Indiana, many of the residents sit on their porches with shotguns, and fire into the trees when the birds gather. The starlings take off with a noise like a clap of thunder, but as soon as the people go to bed, they returnusually with additional flocks.

Slingshots and BB guns have been used, and in some towns the people tie paper sacks in the trees. For a few nights these are effective and everyone gets some sleep. Then the starlings get used to seeing the sacks, and they roost right alongside them.

In Pennsylvania roman candles were tried. When the fireworks started, the frightened starlings deserted in haste. But as soon as the show was over, they came back, and because they were frightened they made more noise than ever

At first starlings were a nuisance only in New York City. Then they invaded Washington, D. C., and a few years later Ohio, Oklahoma, and Colorado. Today they are a definite menace in all States except Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, and Arizona, but even these States are starting to report the presence of a few of the birds.

There doesn't seem to be any way of getting the starlings out of residential districts. planted small homemade flash bombs in his trees, and succeeded

in frightening the birds for two weeks. I INTERNATIONAL I But after they became accustomed to the brilliant flashes, they merely stayed acommunity





Lovely in flight but the bane of municipal beauty, huge flocks of starlings like this plague cities in 43 States of the U.S.A.

away from the place until the disturbance stopped.

The persistence of these birds is amazing. Once they choose a certain group of trees for roosting, they'll come back every Summer night for years. Cutting down the trees doesn't help, either. The birds merely move to the right or left, but they won't leave the neighborhood.

The same is true when they take over public buildings during the Winter months. They huddle along the ledges for warmth and protection from the weather. More than 1,000 starlings have been counted on a single ledge of the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., and one authority estimates that more than 50,000 birds roost every night on the Gallery of Fine Arts and the Archives Building.

As the battle of the starlings progresses, more and more new weapons are appearing. In some cities hydrogen-filled balloons have proved effective—for as long as they are continually lowered or raised by employees.

In Philadelphia businessmen are using sloping glass plates on top of their buildings to keep the birds away, and in Wilmington, Delaware, galvanized netting has proved somewhat effective. One merchant strung lights around the ledges and cornices of his building, but they stayed up only one night. When he went to see how well they were working, he found the starlings snuggling up to the bulbs to keep warm.

Trapping has proved effective in some localities, but the number of traps that have to be checked daily makes them impractical. A clergyman in a small Virginia town who used traps to keep the birds off his church reported that he caught nearly 1,500 starlings in just one trap in one week. When he gave up his traps, the starlings coated the church steeple in three days.

Two-faced aluminum owls are being used successfully in some places. The manufacturers of



The enemy—the noisy, untidy starling.

these "birds" say that if the purchaser will make loud noises for several nights after the owls have been installed, the starlings will be frightened off, and won't return.

This was tried at the State House in Springfield, Illinois. Custodians estimate that more than one million starlings have deserted the capitol as a roosting spot.

However, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the owls were installed without much effect. Since no noise accompanied the advent of the metal birds, the starlings were frightened for only a few nights. Within a week they were roosting right on the owls' heads.

But frightening the birds away

won't bring them under control. The best method advocated so far seems to be the plan of Dr. Lytle S. Adams, a noted conservationist of Irwin, Pennsylvania. He calls his system "birth control."

During the nesting season small, shallow pans containing crank-case oil and grain are placed near the starlings' nests. When they pick up the grain, they get the oil on their feathers and transfer it to the eggs, where it closes the pores and keeps them from hatching.

It was this same treatment that quite by accident brought the sparrow menace under control. In their case they picked up the oil from country roads.

The starlings wouldn't be too hard to live with if it weren't for their quarrelsome nature and their flock-roosting habits. According to the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, they are among the most effective enemies of harmful insects. Every year they eat millions of grasshoppers. Because of this many farmers look on the starlings as friends.

However, when it comes to eating fruit, their damage is frightening, because it is so concentrated. At the U. S. Government's Experimental Farm in Arlington, Virginia, a flock of starlings swooped down on a vineyard, and before they could be chased they ate every grape in a two-acre tract. On another occasion a flock of starlings completely stripped a cherry tree in a few minutes.

Several naturalists made a study of a starling nest some years ago and found that from the time the babies were hatched until they were 12 days old they were fed



Man Who Made Standard Time

BEFORE Sunday, November 18, 1883, every community in the United States had its own local time, and was proud of it. Worse, each of the then 500 railroads had its own time, ran on it stubbornly, and scoffed at all the other roads and their times.

So a traveller from Maine, arriving in Buffalo, might find his watch reading 12:15, the Buffalo city clock reading 11:40, the New York Central assuring him it was 12 noon, and the Lake Shore Railroad asserting it was 11:25. Frequently two differing clocks would be hanging side by side. A watch was a delusion, a time table a confusion 500 times compounded.

Charles Ferdinand Dowd, principal of the Temple Grove Ladies Seminary at Saratoga Springs, New York, undertook to do something about this. He liked order, and was offended by the nation's "pathless wilderness of times." Having neither money nor leisure for a national crusade, he went into this matter as "a diversion."

In his own head, he thought up the idea of four time belts across the nation, using Greenwich time as a base.

Reducing theory to facts, he set about calculating the correct local time, on longitude, for each one of the 8,000 stations on the railroads. These findings he published in 1870, in a pamphlet, "System of National Time for Railroads." This is now a collector's item, because it was one of the truly revolutionary documents in American history.

He mailed this pamphlet widely to railroad executives. Year after year he went and talked at their conventions. From the first, the railroad groups acknowledged the value of the Dowd plan; but they were engaged in bitter rate wars, and also "fast train wars," and a road's own time was a great help in clipping a few minutes off a competitor's train time between cities.

It took Dowd 20 years to win them over. In the end, it was the demand of an exasperated public which turned the trick. Finally, in 1883, the American Railway Association adopted the new plan. The whole country followed easily enough. It is curious that so vital a change was made with no official action at all, no Congressional bill, and no Federal approval.

On Saturday, November 17, 1883, the last day under the old system, "when the sun reached the meridian of the eastern border of Maine, the clocks began their jangle for the hour of noon and kept it up in a drift across the country for four hours, like incoherent cowbells in a wildwood," as Harper's Weekly told the story. "But on Monday the 19th, no clock struck for this hour till the sun reached the 75th Meridian. Then all the clocks on the continent struck together, those in the Eastern striking 12, those in the Central Belt striking 11, those in the Mountain striking 10, and those in the Pacific striking 9. Time tables everywhere became intelligible.'

The only casualty seems to have been Navy men, ashore on leave in New York City. Ordered to return to their ships by the sunset boat, which operated on Navy time, they arrived at the pier on the new standard time, to find that the boat had left 3 minutes 58½ seconds before.

Dowd never made a cent out of his labors. On the contrary, he put his own money into them. Not the least strange part of the whole strange story was the fact that this man who had made every railroad train run "on time" was killed, in 1904—by a railroad train.

-Roger William Riis

every six minutes. When they left their nest at the end of 16 days, they had been fed 1,888 times. They're gluttons from their earliest days.

Starlings are constantly bickering with one another and continually fighting other birds. They delight in chasing martins, barn swallows, bluebirds, and wrens. They'd rather steal a nest from some other bird than make their own.

A single flicker sometimes loses as many as three or four nests to a pair of starlings, then loses her life in a battle to reclaim one of them. Conservation authorities estimate that a single starling kills about 25 birds a year. He is bellicose by nature.

Meanwhile, one pair of starlings will produce from 12 to 14 baby starlings a year. They lay eggs indiscriminately in nests—often not their own—in fields, church steeples, and drain pipes. One instance is recorded where a starling fell down a chimney, and before departing took time to lay an egg in the fireplace.

When flying, flocks of starlings operate with a precision that is the envy of the Air Corps. No single bird seems to lead, yet the entire group will dart left or right, up or down without a single bird getting out of line.

Also they seem to have a special sense when flying at night. Hundreds of other birds are killed by crashing into poles and aerials, but starlings avoid these projections easily. They possess some inner instinct that seems to work with the efficiency of radar when it comes to their self-preservation in the air.

Amazing though they are, starlings are still unwelcome, and something must be done to delete their millions. But until some organized plan of control is adopted, roman candles, tin pans, slingshots, and aluminum owls will be the weapons of the nations' losing battle

Or perhaps everyone could follow the lead of the truck driver in Maryland who slept blissfully through the noise as his neighbors fought the starlings. When neighbors demanded to know his secret, he smiled wisely and pointed to a set of rubber ear plugs.

The Golden Pitcher

OLD MONGOLIAN POLK TALE CONTAINED A MORAL ON YOUTH AND AGE.

and Iliya Bulatkin

THERE lived in the world a sly and cruel king. Not a single man did he pity, nor was there a single dog he cherished. Everyone from small to great feared this king, while he feared but one thing: old age. All day long he would stare at himself in a mirror. If he spied a gray hair, he would color it with dye. If he discovered a little wrinkle, he would smooth it out with his fingers.

"I must not grow old," thought he. "Now I am feared by all, but if I become weak and decrepit, my people will no longer obey me."

So to banish old age from his realm, the king commanded that every old man be slain. A man's hair had but to turn gray and that was the end of him.

From all parts of the land women and children, young men and young maidens, came bearing rich presents for the king. They implored him to have mercy.

Finally the king became bored with hearing so many complaints and lamentations, so he summoned his heralds and commanded them to go to all the cities and villages and proclaim his mercy.

The heralds saddled their horses and set out in all directions, sounding their trumpets at the crossroads and market places, crying:

"Take heed, everybody! Listen, everybody! The king proclaims his mercy. Whosoever will bring up the golden pitcher from the bottom of the lake will save his father's head and receive the pitcher as a prize. Such is the king's mercy! But whosoever tries to bring up the pitcher and fails will not save his father's head and

Human Nature Put to Work

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Curiosity can also fill coffers. Following the robbery of his large grocery store, the carny proprietor eracted an enormous banner across the front of the store. "We're all shot up!" if read." "Come in and see the bullet holes!" For the next two days the curious came in droves to examine the bullet-pierced windows and splintered floors—and, incidentally, to fill merket baskets with groceries.

-M. Caine, East Lansing, Mich. State Journal, Lansing, Mich.



Sweet are the uses of even the most edverse human beings—if you are as dever as my waitress friend. On my first day as hostess in her restaurant Ann claimed as one of her regular customers a thoroughly disagreeable men. He found fault, she said, no matter how hard she tailed to pleate, and he rarely tipped her. Still, she wanted to serve him. Beaffled, I effered to seet him with the other girls in

"Don't you dare!" Ann exclaimed. "I be him because he's nesty. He mekes by other customers feel so sorry for me that they double their tips!"

-Mrs. Michael Fey, New York, N. Y.



Every progressive merchant prides himalelf on prompt service. My husband, Paul, who owns a grocery store, says there are times, however, when deliberate delay pays better. One day he was chatting with a friend whose wife was making the rounds of our shelves selecting groceries. When she pushed her cart to the checking-out counter, both cashiers were busy. "I could hurry up to her and check her out right away," Paul remarked. "but if I don't, she'll go and pick out something else. They always do." Sure enough, after a brief wait in line, she meandered off among the shelves and returned with three more items. Paul winked at the bill-paying husband as ha said, "Now, I'll go check your groceries."

—Mrs. Anna G. Desfon, Rockwall, Tex.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

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will lose his own as well. Such is the king's mercy!"

The heralds hadn't got around half the country before brave youths began to meet and assemble at the lake. The bank of the lake was steep, and from its height through the crystal water gleamed the outlines of the golden pitcher . . . with a slender neck, a carved pattern, and bowed handles.

Ninety-nine brave youths tried their luck on the bank of the lake and the cruel king chopped off 99 heads, for none could bring up the pitcher from the lake.

Now at this time there lived in the land a youth named Ozmin, who dearly loved his father. And when he saw that age was creeping up on the old man, that wrinkles were appearing on his face, that his hair was becoming hoary with gray, Ozmin led his father far away into the mountains.

Every day when the sun set behind the mountains the youth would slip through a gorge and bring food to his father. One day, as Ozmin sat beside his father, he was very thoughtful.

"What trouble have you in your heart, my child?" asked the old man. "Perhaps it is tiresome for you to come here every day?"

"No, Father," answered the vouth, "to see you healthy and unharmed I would come into these mountains three times a day. I have another trouble. The king's pitcher won't leave my mind day or night. I think about it and think about it, yet I can't understand why it is that when you look from the bank into the water, you see the pitcher so clearly that it seems you can bring it up with your hand and it will be yours. But if someone jumps into the lake, the water at once becomes muddy and the pitcher sinks to the bottom.'

The old man was thoughtful. "Tell me, my son," he asked finally, "is there not on the bank in that place from where the pitcher is seen some kind of tree?"

"Yes, Father," answered the youth, "on the bank there stands a big spreading tree."

"But do you remember well," asked the old man, "if the pitcher can be seen in the tree's shadow?"

"Yes, Father," said the youth, "a broad shadow from the tree extends over the water and the pitcher shines out in the shadow." "Well, then, listen to me, my son," said the old man. "Climb up into that tree and you will find the king's pitcher in the branches. And the pitcher in the water . . . that is but a reflection."

As swift as an arrow, the youth sped to the king.

"I pledge my head," he cried. "I will bring up your pitcher, merciful king!"

The king laughed. "Just your head alone do I need for a good round number. I have already cut off 99. Yours will be the 100th."

"That may be so," replied the youth. "Yet may it also be that by just this head your ciphers will never be round."

"Well, try your luck," said the king; and he ordered his servant to sharpen the blade of his ax.

Ozmin hastened to the lake and without hesitating climbed the tree which grew on its bank. The people gathered around and groaned in dismay.

"The gods will pardon him. Truly he has lost his commonsense from terror," they said. "Perhaps he wants to jump from the tree," said others.

But the youth climbed to the very top of the tree, and there in the midst of its branches he found the golden pitcher with the slender neck, the carved pattern, and the bowed handles. And it hung from the tree upside down to seem to be standing in the water. Thus he found it . . . upside down on its neck. And he snatched it from the tree and took it to the king.

THE king threw up his hands. "Well," he said, "I did not expect such wisdom from you. Is it possible that you, by yourself, guessed how to obtain the pitcher?"

"No," said Ozmin. "I did not conceive this thing myself. But I have an aged father whom I have concealed from your gracious eye. It was he who foresaw where the pitcher was hidden."

The king thought a bit. "Apparently old men are wise," he said. "What 100 youths could not guess, one old man divined!"

From this time forth in that country no one dared lay a finger on the old men. Wisdom and gray hair were respected by all. And when the young people met an old man on the highways, they made way for him and bowed low.



OME TAKE a ride with me in my new convertible. It's back of the house where I built a 20-foot-square concrete landing platform for it.

As you can see, it's not a canvastopped automobile, but a new kind of helicopter. It has wings like a plane, but its propellers are pointed to the sky.

Door shut? Here we go! As I push the starter button on the dash, the two 10-foot-long propellers come to life. They speed up as I push on the gas throttle and the ground slips away. Looking out the window you can see that we're going straight up and are already above my house.

At 300 feet I tilt the spinning rotors forward and we begin moving across the houses. I increase my speed, transferring the load to the wings and releasing it from the two rotors. With my right foot I push in the clutch and with a hand lever under the dash set a servo-mechanism in action.

IT WILL COMBINE

THE TALENTS OF HELICOPTERS AND ORDINARY PLANES.

Take a look out the window on your side. You can see that the motor nacelle is tilting forward. As the nacelle lines up with the wing end, there's a click under the dash, a light flashes on the dash, and I reach for the gas throttle.

Our speed increases and you can see that both rotors have now become propellers and are pulling my convertible. We're flying just like in an old-style airplane.

Enjoying the ride? So am I. But let's get out of the clouds. Actually, it will be some years before you and I can take such a flight. But this day is coming. About a dozen engineers and de-

By John L. Kent

Washington, D. C., Science Reporter

signers are now working on such a convertible air vehicle. This new type of flying machine will combine the vertical lift of the helicopter and the load-carrying capacity and speed of the airplane.

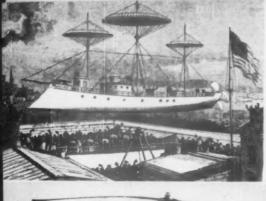
Today's helicopter costs too much, is too unwieldy in flight, and its cargo and passenger-carrying capacity is too low in relation to its weight.

The airplane hasn't lived up to predictions made for it. It lacks utility. You can't land it on your front lawn—you need an airport.

The helicopter is a very useful, though expensive aerial vehicle. But a \$25,000 helicopter which can be used is worth the money; a \$5,000 plane which is unsuited to the task is worthless.

American engineering skill is responsible for the present state of development of the rotary wing craft. But major contributors to helicopter design and development have been men from other countries; da Vinci, Flettner, Bre-





Prophesying the modern helicopter, this imaginary "white cruiser of the clouds" was drawn back in 1882.

Photos: (left) Bettmann Arch vo. (below: 1/8AP



Jet propelled, this little helicopter was one of the most unusual of all German aircraft.



The historic de la Cierva autogyro, shown here at Berlin's Templehof airport in 1926. . . . (Below) The twin-rotored HJP-1, in a test by the U. S. Navy, hoists a litter patient aboard.



guet, de la Cierva, and Sikorsky.

The modern helicopter may be called a German invention—principally the work of the Focke-Achgelis firm. The Focke-Achgelis twin-rotor side-by-side helicopter was flown in Germany in 1937. In America Igor Sikorsky's development work in 1936-37 led to the flying of his machine in 1939.

As a brief review, let's see where we are today in helicopter development.

The three principal manufacturers of commercial helicopters in the United States are the Sikorsky division of United Aircraft Corporation, the Bell Aircraft Corporation, and United Helicopters, Inc. The last-named firm is head-

ed by young Stanley
Hiller, son of a San
Francisco, California, Rotarian.

About a score of firms which, during World War II and in

the immediate postwar period, experimented with helicopters are either out of business or have abandoned helicopter work.

Here are some reasons why, despite its obvious utility, the helicopter is not in greater use:

The first obstacle to a more widespread use is its high cost. The standard Model "42" helicopter made by Bell costs about \$60,-000. A smaller two-man Model "47B" costs about \$25,000. The Sikorsky "S-51" is also about \$60,-000. A light business plane can be bought for under \$10,000.

Engineering difficulties are the second reason.

During forward flight the advancing blade of the rotor has a greater velocity relative to the air than the blade retreating from the wind, and thus develops more lift. This tends to roll the helicopter to one side. Helicopter blades are now hinged so that they may flap freely and prevent this excessive flift.

But because of the flapping of the blades, dynamic forces are set up which cause severe vibration.

Another engineering complication is caused by the fact that the rotor must revolve slowly. The internal-combustion engine driving it turns many times faster and the rotor must be geared down. This results in a heavy and complicated transmission system. The single-rotor design of the Bell, Sikorsky, and Hiller helicopters makes it necessary to have an auxiliary propeller at the tail to counteract the torque (twisting action) developed by the rotor. The torque tends to swing the helicopter sideways.

To counteract this torque other designers use two counter-rotating rotors either on two separate shafts or on a single sleeve-type shaft. The latter type is known

as the co-axial type.

Examples of the two-rotor type include the Kaman K-190, the Kellett XR-10, the Landgraf H2, the McDonnell XHJD-1, the Platt-Le-Page XR-1A, and the Plasecki HRP-1. European designs of the twin-rotor type include the German Focke-Achgelis FA-223 and FA-284, and the Czechoslovak Praga E-1.

The experimental Focke-Achgelis helicopters were built during the war for military uses. They are not in production now.

Designed by the Czechoslovak aeronautical engineer Slechta, the E-1 has a 100-horsepower engine. Hydraulic power is used to tilt the axis, rotor, and engine as one unit.

The co-axial type includes the Bendix "Whirlaway," the Jovanovich JOV-3, the Brantly, and the Burwell helicopters. All are experimental machines.

The Burwell is a Canadian helicopter, being developed in Toronto. Its 150-horsepower engine drives 27-foot rotor blades.

European engineers are experimenting with a number of novel designs.

THE Belgian engineer Florine has designed a helicopter using four three-bladed rotors on outriggers extending from the fuse-lage.

A triple-rotored helicopter capable of carrying 24 passengers or three tons of cargo has been built by the Cierva Autogiro Company in England. The rotors are mounted in a triangle pattern—one on each wing tip and one at the tail. Its cruising speed is reported to be 116 miles an hour. The helicopter was especially designed for crop spraying, and uses the slip stream from the rotors to help dust the under side of leaves with pest-destroying substances.

After jet propulsion was suc-

cessfully applied to the airplane, helicopter engineers began to design pulse-jet and ram-jet machines. A number of experimental models have been built in the past few years. The jets are located on the tips of rotors.

French designers claim that their Ariel II experimental has a number of advantages over pulse-jet and ram-jet powered helicopters. The Ariel II compresses air in the fuselage, pipes it out to tiny stream-lined combustion chambers in the rotor tips where it is fired to produce a reaction thrust from nozzles on the combustion chambers. Drag of the combustion changes is reported considerably less than that of the ram jet and pulse jets similarly installed at blade tips of American experimental craft.

Flying a helicopter is still not so simple as flying a small private plane. The helicopter is sensitive and has many controls which require attention. The manufacturers are aware of this deficiency and are trying to overcome it.

Recently the Hiller company announced that it had succeeded in perfecting the controls so that its helicopter can be flown "hands off" for short periods. In a dramatic demonstration, Stanley Hiller flew as a flight observer on the first pilotless cross-country flight to be made by a helicopter. With an empty cockpit the helicopter flew 25 miles over San Francisco Bay at an altitude of 3,800 feet. The flight was made possible by a control system developed by Hiller to stabilize the performance of the machine.

Everyone will admit that the helicopter offers a unique service even in its present form. But what is needed is an aircraft that combines the good features of the airplane and the helicopter.

Theoretically, every proposed machine of this type is capable of flight. But they all have some disadvantages, Only a practical demonstration and experience with a pilot model can show if that particular type of convertible craft has a chance of becoming a safe, useful, and low-cost aerial vehicle

There are two basic groups of convertibles. In the first, the rotor axis remains vertical in forward flight; in the second, it swings so that the rotor blades act like ordinary airplane propellers. In the

axis remains vertical in forward flight; in the second, it swings so that the rotor blades act like ordinary airplane propellers. In the first group are a number of designs where after a conventional helicopter type take-off, the rotor blades either become fixed wings, are locked in a trailing position, or are withdrawn into the rotor hub. The trick in the last method is accomplished by collapsing the rotor blades in the same way the folding plastic and metal drinking glasses are collapsed for carrying in small space.

Exactly such a method is proposed by Vittorio Isacco, and a model rotor built and tested in England has an expanded blade diameter of 30 feet and retracted

diameter of 3 feet.

In all proposed helicopters of this first basic type there is a propeller for driving the craft forward. Their inventors identify them by such names as aircopters, vertaplanes, gyroplanes, heliplanes, and retractaplanes.

In the second group, and one which right now appears to offer better possibilities, the rotor axis becomes horizontal in forward flight. There are several methods of doing this. In one, the rotor and body of the helicopter swing together. This helicopter takes off standing up and lands backward on its tail.

In still [Continued on page 50]

The ancient dream of flying—and its comic possibilities—as depicted in an old woodcut by Grandville.



Greece Beats Back Malaria



Dipping for larvae in the marshlands surrounding a Greek village. If the wigglers are not destroyed, they will become dread, malaria-bearing mosquitoes.

A CREW OF U. N. WORKERS IS RIDDING ITS SICKLY VILLAGES OF THE CARRYING INSECT.

By Leonard Engel

1944. With the aid of DDT, a dozen old U. S. Army primary training planes and a handful of Greek helpers, he went to war against the malaria mosquito. In four years—and in spite of primitive sanitary conditions, appalling poverty, the destruction wrought by Mussolini and Hitler invasions, and the spreading Greek civil war—malaria's toll was cut from one million cases yearly to 50,000.

Malaria is the world's greatest disease problem. It is responsible for more sickness and misery than tuberculosis, syphilis, typhus, cholera, and plague put together. Three million deaths a year are directly due to it, and it

N EAMACRA is a village of 2,500 souls 20 miles from Athens, Greece. Since last year there has been no malaria in Neamacra. For the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, the men are able to work hard in the fields through the entire growing season, and there is enough to eat. And a hundred sturdy, laughing children play where five years ago children were heard only to cry with fever; because of malaria, nearly all Neamacra infants used to sicken and die.

The miracle of Neamacra, and of 6,000 other malaria-infested Greek villages, is the work of a slow-talking sanitary engineer from Virginia, Colonel Daniel E. Wright. A veteran of 45 years of battling disease around the world, Wright arrived in Greece as sanitary officer of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration just before Christmas,



A malaria-control pilot is briefed by Colonel D. E. Wright, sanitary engineer of the nineman commission to Greece. In the background the plane's tanks are being filled with DDT.



puts more than 300 million people in sickbeds—one in every seven of the world's inhabitants. Malaria, moreover, is a rural disease, striking hardest at farmers—and therefore at the world food supply. Hundreds of millions of acres of richly productive farmland have had to be abandoned because of the mosquito-borne disease.

No country has suffered more than Greece. It was the "Shaking Finger of Malaria" that sapped the strength of ancient Hellas and paved the way for barbarian destruction of the glory of the ancient world. More recently, half the nation's 71/2 million people could expect to contract malaria at some time during their lives. In villages with a serious malaria problem-6,000 of the country's 11,000 communities - infant mortality was almost 100 percent, and between 50 and 85 percent of the adults were ill one to four months a year, usually during the crucial weeks of planting and harvest. Weakened by malaria, Greeks were easy victims of a long list of other death-dealing or disabling diseases, from tuberculosis to leprosy.

When Wright flew into Athens, he found only six doctors and 50 sanitary workers in the entire country engaged in malaria control. Next-door neighbor Turkey, hardly up to modern sanitary standards either, had proportionately 20 times as many malariacontrol doctors and ten times as many sanitarians. DDT, the wonder insecticide which was discovered in Switzerland during World War II, and which retains its power to kill harmful insects for months after spraying, was, of course, unknown. Wright finagled



Peasant women watch passively as a malaria-control team sprays the inside of their house in Markopoulou, a routine part of the intensive antimalaria campaign.

31 tons of DDT and the use of a few idle planes and pilots from the United States Army to spray the worst infested swamp areas around Athens. He set up a school of hygiene to train Greeks for a house-to-house spraying campaign.

During the first year, 1945, Wright did not have enough DDT to make a real dent in the over-all malaria toll. Precious time was lost, morever, while he fought for simple necessities for his Greek crews, like shoes and spray guns, which always seem scarcest where they are needed most. The projects carried out were really only demonstrations. In the villages

INTERNATIONAL III

and areas fortunate enough to be selected, however, the number of mosquitoes fell off so sharply and the health of the people was so

much improved that the Greek Government offered to provide as many sanitary workers as Wright could find DDT to use.

By the time UNRRA wound up and Wright and his men were transferred to the World Health Organization, in mid-1947, you could see the miracle beginning to take shape. Wherever you went, there were the blue letters DDT painted on houses, churches, bakeries, village store fronts, signifying that the building had been sprayed inside and out with the potent chemical. Wright also had the dozen old American training planes now, manned by Greek pilots who were rapidly becoming experienced in aerial dusting. Up and down the country they flew, until 700,000 acres of malarious swamp and farmland had been coated with lethal mist. The aerial campaign went right across the front lines of the civil war; the rebels realized what Wright's planes were doing, and they held their fire.

In village after village, mosquitoes practically disappeared. Malaria cases dropped 90 to 95 percent, and many of those remaining were relapses of disease contracted before Wright. Other diseases dropped off, too, partly because of the simultaneous elimination of flies and other diseasespreading pests and partly because of the work of Wright's colleague

on the UNRRA-WHO mission, J. M. Vine, a British doctor who was doing yeoman work fighting tuberculosis. With the farmers once more capable of hard work, even Greece's scanty soil began to yield decent crops. In Neamacra, for example, the crop harvested the first year after the elimination of malaria was 20 percent larger than before, and the second year, 40 percent larger. Livestock, freed of pests, is also doing better. Hens lay more eggs and cows give as much as 20 percent more milk.

In addition, Wright's campaign is bringing about a hopeful double economic revolution in Greece. A crop well suited to Greece is rice.* which, provided the climate is right, yields bountifully even in poor soil. In the past, though. rice could not be cultivated within a mile and a half of a village, as the flooded rice fields would have provided an ideal breeding ground for mosquitoes. DDT-which does not harm the crop-has made it possible to grow rice wherever desired, without risk of malaria. The acreage devoted to rice, previously one of the most important Greek food imports, is already growing by leaps and bounds.

As striking is the effect of DDT on the olive, Greece's staple crop. The olive crop is often ruined by the Dacas fly. Nearly every orchard in Greece loses some olives to the fly; in some orchards, the tribute is as high as 75 percent. In spraying a number of orchards for malaria control. Wright found that DDT was as deadly to the Dacas fly as to the mosquito. Tests the following year confirmed the fact that the insecticide does not harm olives and does protect them, almost 100 percent, against the fly. A nation-wide Dacas flycontrol program awaits only enough spraying planes and sufficient DDT. What is being done in Greece with the new insecticide to aid rice and olive cultivation is. of course, of enormous economic significance throughout the Mediterranean.

Before DDT, fighting malaria was a laborious and expensive proposition. The tiny plasmodia parasites which cause malaria are transmitted by anopheles mosquitoes. The anopheles are an extraordinarily large family. Members are found in nearly all countries, and they breed in a remarkable variety of places, from tidal pools along the seashore to rain barrels. Some even breed in running streams. The malaria mosquito could be kept under control only by screening houses and by draining, oiling, or covering up their breeding places. These methods have brought outstanding victories over malaria, for example, in the once fever-ridden marshes below Rome. But they are economically possible only in cities of 100,000 people or more. In rural areas the cost is prohibitive-\$2 a person a year. With DDT, farmers and city dwellers alike can be protected for 20 cents per capita a year, the postwar price of three quinine tablets in Greece.

The spectacular triumph over malaria in the land of Homer is to be duplicated in many other countries. Wright is finally back in Virginia, enjoying retirement at last. The WHO mission has departed Athens, leaving behind a new, well-trained Greek malariacontrol organization to continue the campaign without relaxation. lest the disease flare up anew. However, the U.N. health agency, in collaboration with other international agencies and with individual Governments, has launched similar antimalaria campaigns in many other countries, from Bur-

ma to Yugoslavia.

N addition, preparations are being made for a still larger undertaking. WHO present plans include the establishment of several "health demonstration areas," to show what all-out public-health measures of the kind enjoyed in the United States can accomplish. The demonstration areas will be located in different parts of the world, to illustrate methods of dealing with different disease conditions. But several will be in areas where malaria is the No. 1 problem. The demonstrations, WHO believes, will pay such great dividends in improved health and increased food production for a hungry world that they will set off a "chain reaction" of antimalaria campaigns around the world. until malaria is finally dethroned as the greatest disease enemy of mankind.

^{*} See Rice-Man's Food, by L. Allen Sherwood, The ROTARIAN for April, 1950.

Let's Talk Turkey

The popular "Judge" Holly whose word is pretty nearly law in turkeydom.

The bird is a broad-breasted bronze, the new strain he helped to develop.

AKE mine white meat" did you say?

Thanks in large part to the man pictured here, that familiar request will be easy to fill when U. S. families sit down before 10 million roast turkeys at their November and December holiday dinners. He and some fellow turkey men are putting more and more juicy white meat on the great bird every year.

Maybe you hadn't noticed, but turkey styles have been changing during the last dozen years. Study the next bird you buy and you will discover the breast is almost five times as large as on the turkeys you ate as a youngster.

The story behind this shift in shapes takes us to Ramona, California, where we meet a judge who has never sat on a bench, but whose decisions affect many. He is Turkey Judge Alanson Holly, a virtuoso who colors his technical skills with a sense of showmanship which has made him a renowned character at

A typical turkey show is underway as we arrive, and Alanson Holly-better known as "Lance" -walks beside a long table on which 50 of the finest birds in the world have been placed. He

swings his gold-headed cane, which has become his trade-mark, cracks jokes with the owners of the birds, now and again prods a turkey with the tip of the cane. and makes almost instantaneous decisions on the qualities of the

While his decisions come fast, they are respected by all the exhibitors, for turkey growers are well aware of his ability and fairness. Indeed, small fortunes are frequently made on the basis of his opinions. For example, a prize "tom" may bring the owner as much as \$5 for each egg produced by the hens to which it is mated. This has happened time and again while ordinary turkey eggs were bringing only a fraction of that amount by the dozen.

Years ago Lance Holly decided something was wrong about the judging setup. As a judge, he was determining the quality on such factors as color of featherswhich had little to do with the worth of a bird to grandma who was having the whole family in on Thanksgiving.

"It's not the color of the feathers that's important, but the conformation and amount of meat," "Judge" Holly decided. He discussed his ideas with other tur-

with the Judge

key men and soon he had a large group of followers who were ready to accept a new set of standards. Today Lance Holly's standards are responsible for the fact that a new, broad-breasted turkey has almost entirely replaced the older breeds. The strain is called the "broadbreasted bronze."

As a Past President of the Rotary Club of Ramona, Lance Holly believes in good Vocational Service and gives it. This has further endeared him to poultry men. When he makes a decision at a turkey show, he invariably stops to explain the reasons behind it, believing that the primary function of a show is educational.

Poultry men also respect Lance Holly because he is a practical turkey rancher and has for eight years served as head of the Ramona Turkey Growers Association, as well as being a member of State and national turkey boards whose meetings keep him constantly on the hop.

Turkey ranching is a family affair with the Hollys. His wife travels with him to many of his meetings, and she was responsible for the colorful turkey-feather costumes which recently gave the industry a wealth of publicity.

A friend once asked "Judge"

Holly, "If meat's what you're interested in, why don't you judge dressed birds?"

Rotarian Holly laughed as he replied, "There's no audience in a refrigerator room. I like to be with people, and live birds mean there are people around. Besides," he added, twirling his gold-topped cane, "whoever heard of poking a dressed turkey?"

-Robert F. Welch



Should We Fine Citizens Who

Belgium Does

Confirms Jean Collette
Surgeon
Verviers, Belgium

FOR MANY YEARS Belgian law has made voting compulsory



Callett

for all citizens. Anyone who falls to vote is reprimanded on his first offense and fined on his second. If he tails to ballot a third time, he can be deprived of his civic

rights and privileges.

This policy is reasonable. In every country of advanced civilization where the citizen has the right to express his opinion, he also has the duty to express it. To fail to do so is a grave fault.

But why is it that men who are so fortunate as to live in free lands do not see voting as a duty? It is because their education as citizens is poor. They have never been made to understand that the opinion they will express at the voting place will have a deep influence on the future of their country, and, consequently, on the future

of their own families and of themselves. Such a lack of comprehension is even more serious than the failure to vote.

What should be the remedy? A fine is not wholly effective: payment of a few dollars is not a great penalty. No, there is a better solution: inform the citizen who twice failed to vote that on his third failure he will lose the right to vote, as obviously he considers it useless.

Elementary psychology teaches us that the fear of losing anything, even if we think it of no value, suddenly makes the object dear to us.

As for the effect which failure to vote has on the outcome of elections, it is quite clear. The extremists never fail to vote. The citizens who stay at home on election day cannot see the dangers to which the extremists expose them.

Wrong in Principle

Avers Wm. Arthur Whitlock Newspaper Publisher Hawkes Bay, New Zealand

HERE are three reasons why voters do not exercise their rights:



Whitlock

(1) in a bility, which affects only a very few and is not of relevance to this discussion; (2) indifference, which renders a citizen unworthy to have a vote; (3) doubt, which

is a state of mind created by the ineptitude or duplicity of politicians. When a citizen is too confused or uncertain to make up his mind, he is quite entitled to register his doubt by not voting.

To fine a citizen for failure to vote is wrong in principle and may be vicious in practice. To compel a man to vote may be the first step toward compelling him to vote as ordered.

Service Should Motivate

Holds Joaquin Londono Ortiz Commercial Lawyer Antioquia, Colombia

MY REPLY is negative. Punishment is not the best method in education, and the problem here is one of education.

The act of voting is the means which the democratic system



The Debate-of-the-Month

GETTING voters to vote is a difficult problem in many democratic nations. In the 1948 national election in the United States only 51 percent of the electors cast ballots. Canadians did somewhat better in their most recent national ballot with 60 percent, and Britons did still better with 76 percent.

Belgium assures an almost complete turnout by fining the non-voters about \$3. The Netherlands and Australia also penalize him. To obtain a broad view of the problem, we asked Rotarians in several countries their opinion of fining citizens who don't vote. Their replies form this debate-ofthe-month. Brief letters of comment from readers will be wel-come.-The Editors.

gives the citizen to participate in the affairs of his country, to exercise his nationality. Through his vote in favor of those practices and administrative system which he considers best, he serves the community.

Therefore, the road leads to



Londono

citizen until he comprehends his worth to the community, until he knows that he is not merely a cog in a prefabricated machine but rather, to the limit of

education of the

his capacities, the creator of his own State. For a State does not exist of itself. It is merely the reflection of its peoples.

I believe that it would be contradictory to democratic concepts to punish those who do not exercise the right to vote. This would be a refutation of this right, which simply consists of serving honestly, conscientiously, fruitfully, and

Therefore, let not fear of punishment but rather the ideal of serving his country be the factor that motivates the citizen.

It Would Be Dictatorship

Says W. Maurice Wild Municipal Health Official Port Elizabeth, South Africa

HE fining of citizens who fail to vote is a form of dictatorship.

It savors of rule by force and interference with liberties.

If none of the candidates was of sufficient merit as to make a citizen want to vote, why

should he be forced to do so? In any case, the voter could still defeat the intention of such a law by deliberately spoiling his voting paper.

In practice the already overcrowded courts would become more congested for an offense which is purely technical. The cost of bringing a voter to justice would probably exceed the income from fines.

Education the Remedy

Believes Harry F. Russell
Corporation Lawyer
Hastings, Nebr.

THE right of franchise is a neglected privilege of U. S. citizen-



ship. It is regrettable that so many fail to appreciate this high privilege. It seems to me that education is the remedy rather than a penalty for nonuse.

have often wondered if people might not be more eager to vote if they had to pay directly for the privilege. Seriously, however, it seems fundamentally wrong in principle to attach a penalty for nonvoting. To do so would be inconsistent with the inherent nature of a free citizenship. There should be a better answer than to assess a fine for unwarranted and inexcusable failure to vote.

I Deem It Just

Answers Paulo Dias Martins
Director of Customs
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

THE RIGHT to vote is the best and most efficient weapon that a democracy offers



own leaders. Is it desirable to impose penalties on those who do not exercise the right? I deem it just that

to the peoples in

choosing their

imposed on those who omit to carry out this patriotic duty. It is by vote that Governments are chosen. It seems obvious that all citizens should participate in this very important selection. If this were not so, elections would be a mockery.

In Brazil, public officials, civil or military, who do not vote, except in cases of proved illness on election day, are subject to loss of their office if they fail to vote in two consecutive elections. Judges vote by option, as do religious orders.

There are no coercive means of compelling Brazilians not holding public office to vote, except that when they have to deal with the authorities, they are obligated to prove their standing as voters.

I Favor It

Replies Frank H. Leslie Newspaper Publisher Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada

CANADA has given no active consideration to the subject of



compulsory voting, although before and after each major election regrets are expressed that so many people neglect to vote.

Leslie however, that there is a growing sentiment in favor of compulsion. Canada has had universal suffrage so long that it is taken as a matter of course. Too few people have a feeling of personal responsibility and do not see that neglect may lead to minority control.

The public will need to show a marked increase in interest in this subject before any political party will run the risk of popular displeasure by sponsoring compulsion, which I would personally favor.

No, Compulsion Dangerous

Feels Horace E. Perry Photo-Goods Distributor Christchurch, New Zealand

N THE most recent general election in New Zealand, 1,113,852

electors were on the roll and 1.041,-794 of them voted. Thus with about 93 percent of our eligible voters voting, the problem of "getting out the vote" is less acute in my country



Perry

than it is in some other lands: But even were it a grave problem here, I would not agree for compulsion. The free men of the earth have seen many freedoms filched from them in recent years; to force them to the polling place would only circumscribe their freedom further. The dangers in compulsory voting are, in my opinion, too great to risk.

Our good neighbors the Australians have a system of fining the nonvoter, but to date we neither need nor want such in our Dominion.

Keep It Voluntary

Urges Alfred P. Haake (Mayor of Park Ridge, Ill.) Economist, Chicago, Ill.

IF MEN must be forced to vote, then they are not fit to vote.

While I agree that we should find a way to get every eligible elector to the polls on voting day, compulsion is the last measure I would try. For the very essence of democracy is that



Haake

the people shall have the right to choose, that they shall cooperate voluntarily in the election of their leaders and in the determination of issues.

The power of the vote—the might of a single ballot—should be further impressed. As students of American history know, Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States by just one electoral vote. And if, in 1948, just one more Republican had turned out in each of Ohio's 8,800 precincts, Dewey would have carried the State over Truman, whose margin in Ohio was 7,107 votes. But to come nearer home, my own suburban city affords an example:

Some years ago the State of Illinois passed a new tax law which would have reduced the revenues of our municipality by 15 percent. In a local referendum to authorize a higher tax rate for our city, the "pro" forces carried the day—but by just one vote!

Through our homes, schools, and Rotary Clubs we need to develop a better-informed citizenry—men and women who know the power vested in them and who exercise it fairly and wisely. Fit to vote, such people need no forcing.

service as a basis of worthy enterprite, and. In particular, to encourage and foster.

(1) The development of acquaintance as an apportunity for service

(2) High othical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the porthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Roterian of his oc cupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community lite.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and deace through a world fellowship of business and professional man united in the ideal of servi

THE OBJECTS OF ROTARY This Rotary Month

News Notes from 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago

President to Europe. Just about the time this issue was to come off the press, Rotary's international President, Arthur Lagueux, was to leave Quebec on the "Empress of Scotland," bound for Europe. Before him-on a tightly scheduled itinerary-were visits to Rotary Clubs in France, Italy, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, and Portugal. With him, as on his recent extensive swing through Canada to Alaska, will be his wife, Christine. They

will emplane at Lisbon November 20 for their homing flight to North America, with more than a month's accumulation of global correspondence awaiting President Lagueux at his desks in Chicago and Quebec City, his home town.

Finance Committee..................Dec. 15-17..............Chicago

Vs. the Quiz Kids. Five Rotarians soon to be named will match wits with U. S. radio's famous Quiz Kids in November. Long a popular network feature of the National Broadcasting Company, the "show" features five young experts from 7 to 14 years of age who, in past showdowns with illustrious adults, have triumphed over Senators, scientists, and professors. Date of the Rotary episode is Sunday, November 19. 3:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

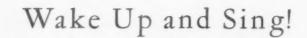
Boardwalk Teaser. Nine prints of a technicolor film "On the Boardwalk" are shuttling among Clubs in the United States, Canada, and Bermuda. Rousing early interest in Rotary's 1951 Convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey, the 16-mm. motion picture is being "booked out" by District Governors-except in the U. S. East. There it is being exhibited commercially in 1,500 theaters and is presently unavailable to Clubs.... Dates of the 42d Annual Convention are May 27-31.

Holiday Reminder. With the holiday season in the offing for Rotary Clubs in many parts of the world. Clubs were recently reminded that if their regular meeting falls on a holiday, they may want to meet the day before or the day after rather than omit the meeting altogether. A meeting abandoned because it falls on a legal holiday is ignored in calculating a Club's attendance.

U. N. Week Aid. To every Club in the USCB and Asia in early October went concrete aid for its United Nations Week (Oct. 16-24) observances-in the form of a radio script "There Shall Be Peace."... To be aired over local stations, the script was mailed with the current issue of Rotary's "Report on U. N."- which, incidentally, more than tripled its net paid circulation in 12 months. The leap was from 6,000 paid subscribers in October 1, 1949, to 20,000 on October 1, 1950.

"Service..." Translated. In Mexico City, Mexico, a printer is winding up work on a 5,000-copy Spanish edition of "Service Is My Business," and in Amiens, France, another printer is about to receive manuscript for a 1,500-copy French edition. In its original English version Rotary's popular book treating Vocational Service problems has sold 47,000 copies. It is available in English from Rotary International, Chicago.

Vital Statistics. As of September 28, there were 7,156 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 342,000 Rotarians. New and readmitted Clubs since July 1 totalled 44.



WHEN MUSIC IS FUN—AS IN ROTARY— EVERYBODY CAN MAKE SOME.

By Albert P. Stewart

Director of Musical Organizations, Purdue University; Rotarian, Lafayette, Ind.

M AKE music fun and anybody can make music.

Allen, Gordon reppel & Redlich

Through 20 exciting years of helping folks organize choruses and orchestras in factories, colleges, service clubs, and cornfields, I have operated on that theory. Now and again they have made me prove it.

There was the time, for example, when I was trying to enlist a husky machine operator in a plant chorus I was setting up. "Me sing?" he laughed, giving me the alibi familiar to every man who has ever tried to organize a church choir or Rotary Club octette. "Why, I can't sing a note. No voice at all. Sorry."

However, by hook or crook I induced the big fellow to attend our first rehearsal. Perceiving this to be simply a gang of friendly people who were there to sing for the fun of it, he broke down and sounded off for the first time in his life. Some months later I met his wife. "I'm a little worried about Henry," she confided. "He never could stand music. Now he thinks he's Bing Crosby."

There was another time the theory put me on a spot—this one considerably warmer. To a conference of industrial recreation experts I was expounding my be-



Whether in shirtsleeves before a farm group or in white tie and tails before his celebrated Purdue Glee Club, the author plugs fun into every measure of song. His impromptus soloist in business suit is the Governor of Indiana, Henry F. Schricker.

lief that every factory ought to have a chorus or choir or glee club. But I wasn't getting anywhere. "Music is too tedious," said the experts. "Musicians are too meticulous, too demanding to make group music good recreation." On a sudden impulse I challenged the group to let me demonstrate that music can be painless to the musically uneducated, and I asked for 30 men from the night shift of a local aluminum company.

Unaware of their mission, the 30 workers were brought to the convention stage during some community singing by the delegates. "Kidding" with the men a bit, I then led them into some carefree singing of scales; selected

high, medium, and low voices; taught them some rudimentary dynamics with a game of musical "follow the leader"-and in less than 15 minutes had the 30 fellows singing a true barber-shop type of harmony that amazed the performers, the audience alikeand me! Yes, the doubting recreation men were "sold." It was a tribute not to the director but to commonsense, down-to-earth music, and I have used the stunt countless times in subsequent vears to show that music is good when it is fun and fun when it

If the world needs anything in music today, that thing is more sincere, good, bad, indifferent homemade music. It needs more families singing around the home piano, more community orchestras, more glee clubs, more barber-shop groups and factory choruses, more church choirs and farm-wives' double octettes. For it has become so easy for us to twiddle a dial and tune in the best music in the world, and also the worst, that we are forgetting how to make it ourselves.

But make it fun and we'll have that homemade music. Somewhere in California there's a hearty gentleman of 79 Summers who knows what I mean. He is amiable Harry L. Ruggles, the man who, back in 1906 or 1907, started the world's first Rotary Club to singing as it rotated from meeting place to meeting place in Chicago.

Singing purely for the fun and fellowship of it, these pioneer Rotarians gave to Rotary an element that for many a man in a thumping majority of Rotary's 7,150 Clubs is the high point of his weekly meeting: the Club "sing" just before the speech of the day. Our Rotary, I'm pretty sure, has done more to keep America singing—and Canada and some other countries, too—than any other single group.

How, may I ask, is the singing in your Club? Is it lukewarm and desultory? Or has it "git up and go"? If it's fun, it can break down barriers of restraint among members and guests and create goodwill quicker than any other activity. We speak to express our thoughts. We sing to express our emotions. And, believe me, our emotions need expression every

bit as much as our thoughts do.

Every Rotary Club can make singing a compelling part of its get-togethers. Chief requirements are a good song leader and a piano accompanist. One man can't do both and do them justice. Remember, the singing is just as good as the leader. The qualifications I list for a 100 percent song leader are:

Personality 60 percent Tact and character 30 percent Musical ability 10 percent

A higher percentage of musical ability would, of course, be helpful if the leader has the personality to match. But a perfect whiz of a musician wouldn't qualify here if he lacked the knack of getting on with people. Song leading has much in common with cheer leading.

I have known Rotarians without formal musical training to develop into good song leaders. They liked people and had a way with them. Most of them liked to sing, but were not great shakes as soloists. They simply picked up a few pointers on music fundamentals as they went along.

Here are some hints for the song leader: He should be sure, definite, and precise in his approach. He should announce his song, give the impression he expects everyone to sing, and really "give."

After announcing the song, he should make an effort to have the crowd focus attention on him. Raising the hand will help here. To begin the song, he can make a definite upsweep of the hand. This indicates a breath prepara-



SING, YOU SINNERS!

DALE CARNEGIE tells how to banish worry with music: singing, humming, whistling while you work.

Medical authorities now recognize that singing is good for the body as well as the soul. And they prescribe it for stammerers and stutterers.

But that's all old stuff-at least 360 years old!

In his Psalms, Sonets & Songs of Sadnes & Pietie, Made into Musicke of Five Parts, published in 1588, William Byrd, eminent English composer, revealed that singing is good for your figure as well as your frame of mind. He wrote as follows:

"Reasons briefely set downe by th' auctor to perswade euery one to learne to sing.

"First, it is a knowledge easely taught and quickly learned, where there is a good Master and an apt Scoler.

"2. The exercise of singing is delightfule to Nature & good to preserue the health of Man."

"3. It doth strengthen all parts of the brest & doth open the pipes.

"4. It is a singuler good remedie for a stutting & stamaring in the speech.

"5. It is the best meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation & to make a good Orator.

"6. It is the onely way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good ovyce: which guift is so rare as there is not one among a thousand that hath it: and in many that excellent guift is lost because they want Art to expresse Nature.

"7. There is not any Musicke of Instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voyces of Men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.

"8. The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serue God therewith: and the voyce of Man is chiefely to be imployed to that ende.

"Since singing is so good a thing, I wish all Men would learne to sing."

-JOHN WINTERS FLEMING



Typical of special singing groups ever popping up in Rotary Clubs was this septette of Albany, N. Y., which billed itself "The Southern Heirs" in a Club Jun frolic.

tory to taking off. This one is important.

Everybody is now ready and probably willing to relax and raise a staff, but it is necessary to "push them in." A definite down stroke following the breath signal will start everyone out together.

Now here I break with some exponents of the craft. I do not believe a song leader should beat time. The effect is too much like that of a drum major. The words of a song are all-important. The leader simply conducts the words, indicating the important ones with a decisive movement, how long to be held, when cut off.

In many songs the leader can pull what I call the "shower-room effect." I learned this listening in on the shower rooms in men's dormitories at Purdue University. Here a man really "gives." He feels fine, his voice sounds wonderful, and he'll let go with rare abandon on such as Sweet Adeline. He'll linger long and lusciously on the high note in "You're the flower (O——F') my heart. . ." Caruso used to hit the high ones in much the same way—and got \$3,000 a night for it. We take our pay in pleasure.

When the song is finished, it should be ended with a definite and final gesture. The beginning and end of a song are important. Examining a song or so in the song book Songs for the Rotary Club will make clearer what I have just suggested.

Take a number like R-O-T-A-R-Y. This should go in good time with plenty of emphasis. It's a rousing song and you can give it "the works." It does not require much interpretation. The main job of the leader is to keep

the men together. Sung with punch and precision, this song can raise the pulse a few notches.

On the other hand, a song like Home on the Range requires some interpretation. A leader can do a lot with it if he appeals to the imagination. He might say something like: "Just imagine you're away from home and would give your right arm to be back. Former G. I.'s will appreciate this. Now sing: 'Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam. Where the deer and the antelope play.' The next is a key line, 'Where never is heard a discouraging word. . . .' Now I ask you, isn't that something? Give 'never' some emphasis; also the word 'discouraging."

Singing this song with feeling and with a sense of its values will waken pride in the men. Soon they'll be singing it not too unlike Fred Waring's Glee Club.

Incidentally, a permanent chorus or even a double quartette in your Club will stimulate better group singing. Try one of those "short-order choruses" I have described and see what grows out of it. I have seen some fine permanent singing groups develop from it. A few crack choruses at Rotary District Conferences could liven things considerably. There might even be a contest for the best singing Clubs, singing groups, barber-shop quartettes, and the like. The last time the Rotary Club of Lafayette, Indiana, invited the Purdue Glee Club to a dinner, the Rotarians sang with the collegians well into the night. You can't get too much singing. It doesn't leave a hangover!

Make more of singing in your Club. Make it a high spot. Make it fun! I've had a number of Rotarians tell me instances in which they came to a meeting worried, keyed up, and tense. They sang a few rousing songs and their troubles disappeared.

Longfellow said: "Show me the home where music dwells and I will show you a happy, peaceful, and contented home." We can change this to read: "Show me the Rotary Club where music dwells and I will show you a happy, friendly, coöperative, and service-minded Club."

So, me h "ties, let's wake up and sing!

Bobbye on the Downbeat

ABOUT A LITTLE MISS

DOING A BIG ROTARY 10B.

ROTARY JOB.

keep Bobbye, of Cave City, years of lessons has given her have no pinist a command of the keys that has

F IT CAN just keep Bobbye, the Rotary Club of Cave City, Kentucky, should have no pianist problem for a long, long time. The regular accompanist of its weekly "singa," Miss Bobbye Long is only 12 years old!

That may very well make this

That may very well make this quiet, competent little artist the youngest Rotary Club accompanist in the world. No matter to Bobbye! She loves to play, likes to hear the men sing, and so she's there at the old "upright" in the Dixie Hotel every Wednesday at 6:45 P.M.—there, in fact, whether her Rotarian daddy, A. G. Long, a service-station operator, is or not.

How does she do? Expertly.

years of lessons has given her a command of the keys that has been applauded by radio listeners and civic groups from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miami, Florida. She has schooled herself so well in the Rotary songs that she seldom needs look at the book.

Bobbye's a little exceptional in everyway, they say. She's in her second year of high school, reads omnivorously, takes a lively part in Girl Scotting, and plays the piano at all kinds of Cave City functions.

To Miss Bobbye Long—and to the thousands of maturer women and men at Rotary Club pianos week after week—a deep bow.



When You Conduct That Conference

YOU WANT IT TO MOVE, SPARK!

HERE ARE TEN WAYS TO MAKE IT.

By Alfred M. Cooper

ONE DAY some years ago I was leading a conference of utility executives in a California city. Midway in the meeting the windows of the room suddenly began to rattle. This was my first experience in conducting a conference during an earthquake and I was surprised to discover that the men present displayed no intention whatever of abandoning their discussion. I can still see one group member pounding the table to emphasize a point he was making and at the same time reaching behind him to keep a dancing bookcase from toppling onto his head.

Any business or civic conference can be more interesting than an earthquake, or it can be a tedious waste of time. The man at the head of the table can determine which type of meeting his shall be. Nowadays, cumbersome parliamentary



"Turning to me he shouted, 'Shut that lousy thing off." The discussion continued for another fascinating hour."

procedure is abandoned in conference leadership. The leader wants everyone present to talk, and seeking "the chair's" permission to speak tends to slow up the proceedings.

Here are some suggestions for getting the most out of any conference at which you may be asked to preside:

1. Never call a conference if you intend to make a speech. The objective in a conference is to pool the brain power

Illustrations by Charles Copeland

of a group of people. The leader's job, therefore, is to ask questions—short, thought-provoking questions designed to encourage further exploration of an idea suggested by a group member. These follow-up questions cannot be planned in advance, but must be extemporaneous and based upon responses of group members.

 Make every meeting you lead interesting to everyone present. This can be done by checking your leadershiptechnique with respect to the following factors:

(a) Keep the discussion forever on the subject. Whenever a group member wanders afield, bring him back at once to the subject under discussion.

(b) Repress the too-talkative person's tendency to monopolize the discussion.

(c) Stop all private conversations from the outset by requesting the whisperers to place their ideas before the entire group.

 Never call on any group member for a response. If you make the discussion interesting, everybody present will take part without prompting.

When you have been asked to lead a conference, give the same attention to planning the meeting that you would to preparing a speech.

First, be sure that the physical conditions for the conference are satisfactory. In conducting conferences in hundreds of office buildings, I can remember but two or three occasions when the blackboard I had requested was supplied with adequate chalk and an eraser.

Then prepare an outline listing the specific problems to be discussed and any notes that may relate to each problem.

Open with a three-minute introductory talk; then, before the group can sink into the passive state of an audience, put the first problem to the members for discussion.

6. After completing your introduc-



tory remarks and placing the opening question before the group, stop talking. Wait them out. From then on the meeting is theirs.

7. On occasion it may be advisable to lead a discussion to a predetermined conclusion. This should be attempted but rarely. Too frequent use of this directional technique defeats the permissible objective of the average business, civic, or club conference, which is free and open discussion, in which as many new ideas as possible are developed.

8. Obviously, the leader who represses his desire for self-expression is in no position to tell funny stories. Nevertheless, in even the most serious discussions an occasional laugh serves to relieve tension of the group, especially when it has grown out of the discussion itself.

9. About three times hourly, stop the discussion long enough to sum up the ideas that have been brought out. This summation tends to half futile reiteration of these ideas and encourages the development of new ones.

10. Go into every conference with two convictions in mind: that (a) this group as a whole knows more than you do about the subject to be discussed, and (b) no conference can be resultful unless it is at all times interesting, and your job is to keep it that way.

An indication of how interesting a conference can be was a recent discussion on "qualities of leadership" at a Chicago service-club meeting. Following customary procedure, the program chairman gravely wound and set an alarm clock. Then the after-luncheon proceedings began.

When the alarm went off, however, it happened that the man who had set it was hotly defending his viewpoint. Turning to me he shouted, "Shut that lousy thing off!" The discussion then continued for another fascinating hour.

on all the rivers of Amazonia, canoes are the basic commercial carriers.



Bearing her water jug lightly, this Peruvian Indian girl smiles on the urbanization of her land.

Giant timber surrounds Tingo Maria, and as it is logged off, cane, corn, and other crops go in.

Adventure

And as the busy gateway to the Huallaga Valley, Tingo María has just taken a bow under the world spotlight. Scientists from the International Institute of the Hylean Amazon have just completed a study of the region, causing a lot of cautious men to say a lot of

optimistic things.

The Huallaga Valley is one small part of Amazonia, that vast area that has been called "the largest, least known, most thinly populated, and most unused area in the world." This green giant which sprawls over the lion's share of South America has long been the subject of sharp debate. Some people have said that the area has few economic possibilities outside of timber resources. Others have predicted a future of immense bounty; Amazonia, they have said, would one day serve the world as a great, overflowing pantry. Two years ago the countries that share this great region decided to answer the question specifically. Meeting in Iquitos, Peru, on the banks of the Amazon itself, delegates organized the International Institute

of the Hylean Amazon. By sharing research money and information, the meniber nations would



Then, in the clearing, simple but functional houses pop up. So it's "a home of our own" at last. The Materials cost almost nothing and neighbors pool labor. is part of a settlement of Italian

OR very little money you can

buy land so rich that you can farm

it without using a plow. Fishing

is so good you may get bored-and

if you do, you can always try your

hand at scooping gold nuggets out

of the rivers. The climate is warm

enough for your wife to raise or-

chids in the back yard, and cool

enough to use a couple of blankets

at night. And you don't have to

Tingo María, a town of 7,500 peo-

ple on the banks of Peru's Hual-

laga River, and some 225 miles from Lima, the capital of the

country. People around Tingo

María are engaged in one of the

hemisphere's biggest adventures

-taming the Amazonian jungle.

This utopian situation is true in

pay city taxes.







THE ROTARIAN

in AMAZONIA

AT LAST THIS VAST, RICH JUNGLE-LAND

IS YIELDING TO MODERN PIONEERS.

By Bart McDowell

help each other in basic studies of the region. They would try to answer the question—a burning question, literally—of what to do with Amazonia.

At that same meeting, the delegates selected the first target for study: the Huallaga Valley in Peru. One reason was that this region showed a great promise; a road already connected it with the outside world. It was "high jungle" or hilly country, so the climate was healthier than the flatter Amazonian plains. And the Huallaga may prove similar to other jungle-brow regions in Ecuador, Colombia, the Guianas, Venezuela, Brazil, and Bolivia.

Today this first Hylean Institute report has just been published. The study makes a thick book, written by a number of authorities under the guidance of Dr. Cándido Bolívar, the distinguished Spanish zoölogist who headed the expedition. These scientists, who travelled over much of the region in can see and balsa rafts, have produced papers on

medicine, geography, plant life, and anthropology.

But the residents of Tingo María view this international attention with a little impatience. They react a little as pioneers in the U. S. West might have felt about curious Easterners. For Tingo María's pioneers, though hospitable, are much too busy with their rich valley to pay much attention to outsiders. They live in a community with a frontier hustle. Up and down the main street of Tingo María, trucks load and unload cargo. Thatched-roof jungle huts and buildings of poured concrete stand side by side. Men wearing mosquito boots move about the stores getting provisions for their farms. Things move fast,

But there's a strangely cosmopolitan atmosphere about Tingo María. Immigration to this busy town has come from all over the world. On the main street you can hear half a dozen languages; Peruvian newspapers refer to Tingo María as "our Tower of Babel."

An example of this internation-



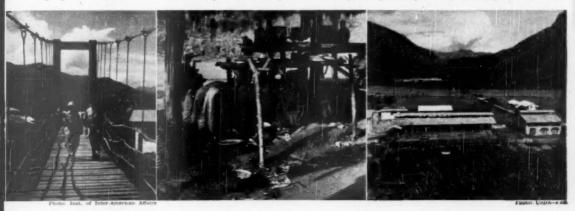
Map of Peru, locale of this article.

al spirit is the Italian colony of Saipai. Here, on the Huallaga River, the old Italian dream of a "place in the sun" has come true at last-but with a difference. Instead of coming as military conquerors, these Italians have come as settlers in a new form of creative private industry. Backed by Italian capital, a group of Italian veterans from Africa have secured a 15,000-hectare land grant from the Peruvian Government. Just a year ago 43 Italian colonists arrived. With them they brought machines to clear away giant trees

Homemade, this bridge spanning the Huallaga opens new areas to settlers.

Poverty-ridden Indians of the region will enjoy better living as the land opens and trade spurts.

To aid Tingo Maria farmers, Peru and the U.S.A. jointly operate this local experimental station.



NOVEMBER, 1950



It's Rotary day in Tingo Maria and three Club members chat on the terrace of the Hotel Turistas. President Geo. von Lignau is at center.

and a strong will to work and build new lives.

Today families of these first Italians are arriving. From their own timber resources they've sawed lumber at their own mill. They've harvested their first year's crops and soon will have more. With new immigrants, the Italian colony has increased from 43 to 120, and in a few years each family will have its own plot of land. Another piece of Amazonia has been put to work.

The Saipai colony is one of the larger concessions in the Huallaga region. Most of the other colonists are smaller in scale, family homesteaders who clear their plots of 20 to 30 hectares and pitch in just as pioneers have done before in other parts of the world.

To aid all these newcomers, the Peruvian Government and the United States Department of Agriculture have set up a coöperative Agricultural Experiment Station at Tingo María. This station, staffed with specialists from both the U.S. and Peru, is an on-the-spot proving ground for products in this part of Amazonia. The results of the study may bring rich results to people in the whole hotter part of the world.

Dairy-cow breeders even in the Southern United States are keeping an interested eye on the Tingo María station. For specialists there are making progress breeding a tropical dairy cow. And work with food crops is also causing comment. Right now bananas are the region's green gold, the basic cash crop. But because bananas are subject to the Panama disease in all Amazonia, the ex-

perts have made careful studies for other crops. Even if bananas fail, the future looks promising. The region is highly productive for tea, coca, corn, coffee, citrus fruits, soy beans, rice, sugar cane, and many vegetables.

Still the Huallaga pioneers will tell you that theirs is not entirely a land of milk and honey. Problems match the productivity. Birds can eat up half a man's crops. Lizardlike iguanas two feet long can slip into the henhouse and gulp down eggs. Flooding streams in the rainy season can devour the river bank and with it a freshly cleared farm.

There are also the problems of organizing a society on this frontier. As in every booming new community, there are crackpots, land grabbers, and shady speculators to hook the unwary. There

comfortable, mark a man as a tenderfoot.

In miniature, the new Tingo María Club is Rotary International. The 32-member roster includes Peruvians, of course, and also men from the United States, Russia, Chile, Germany, Belgium, and Italy,

With organizations like Rotary invading the frontier, most people in Tingo María feel that real urbanization isn't far behind. Their community is growing fast, and the frontier is pushing down the valley. The Hylean report says flatly that the region could easily support a population of a million.

Yet the region's problems are in many ways typical of all Amazonia. In the Hylean report, the scientists time and again stress the need for more transportation.

That's the basic requisite for de-



Solid new buildings front on Tingo Maria's main street, which is busy with trucks.

problems, the leading businessmen of Tingo Maria have formed a Rotary Club. Even before their charter arrived in June this year, the Tingo Maria Rotarians were underway with schemes to improve their community. A night school was started, with volunteer teachers holding classes three

are roads and schools to build.

To help solve some of these

nights a week, giving the town its first high school. Now the Peruvian Government is backing the Rotary school with a full-time high school.

And that's just the first of several projects. The Monday-night meetings of Rotary in Tingo María have the informal bustle of the community itself. The members follow the region's tradition of shirt-sleeve meetings; a coat and

tie in Tingo María, though not un-

velopment. Old-timers—or those in Tingo María before 1938—recall the road-building project from Lima to Tingo María, and on to Pucalpa, farther down the valley. Expense was great and maintenance against the jealous jungle keeps costs up. Already the oneway highway is overloaded and tough going in the rainy season.

Nor is the jungle land all good for farming. Amazonia, under its green forest, varies greatly in climate and soil. Roads must be built to the best parts of the jungle. And that work must follow careful study of the region. That's the challenge that faces agencies like the Hylean Institute in future work. So as the pioneers in the Huallaga Valley push on down their road and river, a lot of people the world over will be watching eagerly to see how they do.

Peeks at Things to Come PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA IONES. PH.D.

Water As Oil. Graphite has been used as a lubricant for a long time. It is mixed with oil or another liquid to give highest efficiency. Graphite itself in its dry form is also used as a conductor of electricity in direct-current motors in the form of commutator brushes. Because graphite is a lubricant, it was thought that the contact between graphite brushes and the commutator would be friction free. However, it has been found that dry graphite wears very quickly and that water vapor will reduce the wear by 1,000 times. Vapors of organic fluids also serve as a lubricant, so-after many years, we've learned something more, and will be able to add many years of life to our graphite brushes.

■ Tiny Screws. Watch screws so small that their heads are invisible to the naked eye—the screws themselves being almost small enough to pass through a needle's eye—are being mass produced by automatic screw machines for the watch industry.

■ Automatic Umpires. A new home plate, with electric eyes right and left, mirrors, lenses, and a third electric eye to watch the height of the ball, takes all the guesswork out of baseball umpiring. A ball passing within the strike zone registers a strike and nothing else does. But the flesh-and-blood umpire will still be needed to call plays and to brush the dust off the plate!

■ Trouble Light We are used to the trouble extension light with the guarded bulb and the hook on the guard to hang it near the trouble center. But what if there is nothing to hook it to? Well, a new light has all the advantages of the old one, plus a magnet in the base so that it will adhere to anything made of iron or steel.

■ Water-Testing Kit. Now on the market is a kit with which to test total water hardness in less than two minutes with an accuracy within one grain per gallon. It is very simple to operate and does not require skill or training.

■ Solder Gun. Plug it in, pull the trigger, and before you can say, "Good solder is 50 percent tin," this new solder gun is all "het up." It's all plastic on the outside except the tip, and a special tip is also furnished for soldering deep inside a radio chassis or other hard-to-reach place.

■ Automatic Pipette. A pipette is an instrument used in the laboratory for measuring accurately small quantities of liquid. It is a glass tube with an enlargement a few inches up from the bottom, calibrated as to quantity. Through suction the user fills the enlarged portion, then lets it run out until the calibrated quantity shows, then transfers it to the reaction vessel. The procedure is simple and accurate—but slow. Now a laboratory pipette is available which will measure either 2 or .7 cubic centimeters some 30 times a minute for use in commercial laboratories.

■ Pure Corn. Zein, a first cousin of gluten, is the principal protein in corn. A fiber has been made of this which, when used with nylon, makes an upholstery fabric. Used with rayons, it produces sultings. With wools it makes socks and hats. Another man-made fabric, from England, is being tried in curtains, blouses, Summer sultings, fire hose, V-belts, and as an insulator. It has high tensile strength and has excellent resistance to deterioration by chemical bleaches and abrasives.

■ It Floats through the Air. A newly introduced spot remover for home use on clothes and fabrics leaves no ring. Another newly introduced product is a roach spray which is specially designed for roaches and silverfish. Also new on the market is an aerosol painter in which a chrome, aluminum enamel finish is given. It can be used on metal products.

■ By-By, Bunny, If you have played unwilling host in your garden to Peter Rabbit and Flopsy. Mopsy, and the rest, then take heart! Recently announced is a rabbit repellent that can be dusted on or mixed with water and sprayed.

■ Electronic Reporting. The University of Chicago's radio Roundtable is presented without written scripts, yet newspapers and magazines want the full text

of the program—and fast, too. Now a special wire is run from the radio station to the office of the reporting service where each five minutes is recorded on a plastic belt and immediately transcribed. The successive "takes" are edited, typed on a stencil, mimeographed, and in the mails within two hours after the last word is spoken on the program.

■ Strip Tease. Insulation, so necessary for wires carrying electricity, can be a nuisance when the ends of the wire have to be connected—especially if the insulation is baked on. Anyone who has made a connection knows the work of stripping a weatherproof wire, for example. For production problems a new mechanical stripper has been perfected that will strip 48- to 25-gauge wires at a rate as much as five times faster than old methods, and do it as well as difficult and exacting hand stripping.

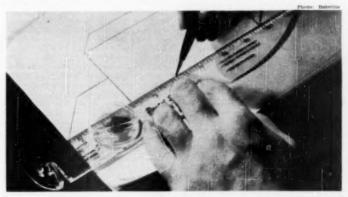
■ Go after 'em! New waders for fishermen made of the ubiquitous vinylite plastic are waist high, seamles, and strong enough to withstand rubbing on rocks. They are extremely light in weight and small in bulk.

■ Bug Chaser. A flexible bottle made of plastic is used for a garden insecticide and permits the contents to be sprayed on plants merely by squeezing the container. The bottle will bounce if dropped.

■ Addresser. A spirit-type addresser the type which works from carbon impressions on a paper tape—that is foot operated and is said to have an average speed of 2,000 impressions an hour is now available.

■ Duplicator. A new fluid-type duplicator which is automatic, and motor driven, but which can be changed over to hand operation easily, is now on the market. It has a host of other features to make it useful in many ways.

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of The Rotanian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



Designed with an eye toward the atmost utility, this 12-inch plastic ruler is also a letter opener and postal scale. With a letter inserted in the curved notch at the end, the ruler balances in the hand and the letter's weight is indicated on the dial.

Looking at Movies

WHAT'S GOOD? READ THESE HELPFUL REVIEWS

FOR THE ANSWER-AND ALSO NOTE THE KEY.

By Jane Lockhart

Key: Audience Suitability: M—Mature. Y — Younger. C — Children.
—Of More Than Passing Interest.

*The Broken Arrow (20th Century-Fox). Jeff Chandler, Debra Paget, James Stewart, Director: Delmer Daves, Drama. By accident winning the regard of Apache warriors during 1870 Indian wars in Arizona, lone frontiersman risks his neck to persuade whites that the Indians will play fair if given a chance, leads in negotiating truce which is broken only by renegade bands on both sides, eventually proves lasting. In so doing, he falls in love with and marries young Indian girl, only to have the marriage come to tragic end.

Interesting in its presentation of Indians as individuals with mores worthy of respect—something new for a western. Told with sweep and movement, much dramatic suspense. Beautifully photographed in technicolor against outdoor backgrounds.

M. Y.

Fancy Pants (Paramount). Lucille Ball, Bob Hope, Bruce Cabot, Lea Penman. Director: George Marshall. Comedy based remotely on Ruggles of Red Gap, but more reminiscent of the Jiggs and Maggle comic strips. The butler the newly rich family brings to Southwest mansion from England tries hard—but bungles everything he turns his hand to. He is handicapped, too, by necessity of pretending when visitors call that he is an earl—since word to that effect had been spread before his arrival. Climax is a fantastic fox hunt staged for visiting Teddy Roosevelt.

If you enjoy Bob Hope's antics no matter what the vehicle for them, you will find this up to the usual uninhibited slapstick standard—otherwise you'll probably tire of the somewhat repetitious exploitation of those antics. It's done in gay technicolor. M.Y.C.

The Furies (Paramount), Judith Anderson, Wendell Corey, Walter Huston, Barbara Stamwyck, Director: Anthony Mann. Melodrama set in early New Mexico, where family jealousies, clashes of wills disrupt workings of huge ranch an ambitious, choleric old rascal has built into a private empire of sorts at the expense of whoever chances to stand in his way.

A film in the grand manner whose many-faceted story is somehow so "stupendous," the action so opulent and dramatic, that it falls to convince you it ever could have happened. Some good outdoor "roundup" sequences, and wonderful scenery. The tale will hold your

interest, but you won't be able to generate much concern as to what happens to its ruthless, self-centered people who never give any indication of realizing that their motives are evil. M, Y

If This Be Sim (United Artists). Peggy Cummins, Richard Greene, Roger Livesey, Myrna Loy. Producer-director: Gregory Ratoff. Drama made in England by Hollywood company. A British barrister's wife who has for years played second fiddle to her husband's career finally seeks diversion in romance with husband's young clerk, only to sacrifice it when the lawyer loses his sight, turn the clerk's attention to her attractive stepdaughter.

A prolonged preoccupation—to no apparent purpose—with feminine woes, woodenly performed. Beautifully and expensively set in London and Caprimansions. Monotonous in the telling.

★ Louisa (Universal). Spring Byingtoff, Charles Coburn, Edmund Gwenn, Ruth Hussey, Ronald Reagan. Director: Alexander Hall. Comedy. When grandma comes to live with family of her rising architect son, everybody suffers, because she can't help interfering "for the best" with all that goes on. Then the local grocer falls in love with her, and soon another suitor—father's boss—turns up as rival for her hand. This should solve everything, but it doesn't, because everyone is so embarrassed that "one of her age" should be so silly.

A welcome innovation in movie romance—with the principals not under 25! There is an adolescent romance as subtheme, but grandma's is far more diverting. This is no world-shaking production, but a gay little comedy that all ages u.ll enjoy. M.Y.C

* The Men (United Artists). Marlon Brando, Richard Erdman, Everett Sloane, Producer: Stanley Kramer, Director: Fred Zinneman. Drama set mainly in paraplegics section of a veterans hospital and using many of the actual patients as actors. It reveals the struggles of these particular victims of World War II to attain enough physical strength to get about by wheel chair, and to do what is even harder-face the truth that they will never regain the use of their legs, resolve to overcome their frustrations and self-concern enough to devise some sort of future in spite of their handicaps. Chief concern is with one unusually stubborn patient whose girl still wants to marry him; film goes with them through the suffering both have to undergo before they can achieve understanding, a workable relationship.

What could easily have been a sensationalized or maudlin affair has been handled so realistically, so honeatly, that what results is a document which leads you not to pity the men, but to understand what they are up against, admire the human spirit that can stand so much and yet come through. Made by the producer of Champion and Home of the Brave, films notable in Hollywood for having cost little yet proved both artistic and financial successes. M, Y

My Blue Heaven (20th Century-Fox). Dan Dailey, Betty Grable, David Wayne, Jane Wyatt. Director: Henry Koster. Musical. Popular husband-and-wife radio team attempts television as a way to forget loss of two bables—one their own and another the adoption authorities took back when they saw the kind of life they led. They end up with all the bables they can handle, and a devoted television audience besides.

Pretentiously fitted out and technicolored, film has a story about as "sticky" and concocted as can be imagined. Those who enjoy colorful songand-dance acts, however, should find the portions representing that form of entertainment as presented handsomely in television studio diverting enough for their tastes. M. Y.

★ Mystery Street (MGM). Bruce Bennett, Sally Forrest, Elsa Lanchester, Ricardo Montalban. Director: John Sturges. Drama. Detective sets out to solve a murder with only one clue—an unidentified skeleton. But with the aid of experts from Harvard Medical School's department of legal medicine he traces evidence which at first leads to an innocent person, in the end reveals the whole story behind the mystery.

This is no routine crime melodrama, but a sober, plausible demonstration of modern detection methods at their best. There is real story interest, too, but no sensational added heroics or mayhem. Actual hero is the legal-medicine depart-



The square dancing of Spring Byington and Charles Coburn provide one of the many merry moments in Louisa.

ment, whose workings are interestingly recorded. M. Y

Peggy (Universal). Charles Coburn, Charlotte Greenwood, Barbara Lawrence, Diana Lynn, Director: Frederick de Cordova. Comedy. The star here is really the annual Rose Bowl celebration in Pasadena. For plot, there is a heroine who is chosen queen in competition and thereupon is faced with a problem: shall she confess she is married and be disqualified from reigning, particularly when doing so will bring down on her the terrible wrath of her elderly, irascible, but loving father, who can't abide the thought of a football star as son-inlaw and who is already bothered enough by the designs of the outspoken widow next door?

An obvious little tale without much resemblance to reality—but so pleasantly beguiling you don't mind too much. And as an eye-filling spectacle, the final parade scene could hardly be surpassed. In technicolor.

M, Y

Pretty Baby (Warners). Betsy Drake, Edmund Gwenn, Dennis Morgan, Zachary Scott. Director: Bretaigne Windust. Comedy. To keep their chief client happy, young advertising firm partners advance lowly file clerk when they learn the grumpy old client has vowed to look out for her because she named her baby for him. Before it is revealed that the baby is just a life-sized doil she carries to be sure of a seat in the subway train, strange things happen to the partners and their business.

As witless a story as you are likely to encounter for a long time. If taken at all seriously, it should be hard on the advertising profession, which appears as a field where ethics and commonsense go by the board when the main chance is in question. Works very hard, but not very successfully, to be funny, and everyone seems to be under a strain they'd like to forego.

M. Y

The Rocking Horse Winner (British; Rank; distributed in U. S. by Universal). John Howard Davies, Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Ronald Squire. Writer-director: Anthony Pelissier. Drama from short story by D. H. Lawrence. Driven by the incessant bickering of his frivolous parents over money for luxuries they crave, small boy fancies he can foretell race outcomes by riding his hobby horse until he is in a frenzy of exhaustion. With the aid of a loyal handyman, he places bets on his hunches, and strangely enough amasses a fortune. But after his frantic efforts to right the adult world around him end tragically, the money ironically has lost its power to bring the happiness he sought for his parents.

A powerfully grim commentary on the evil of greed and the pursuit of superficial, unworthy goals, sensitively directed and performed.

M, Y

Stella (20th Century-Fox). Leif Erickson, Victor Mature, Ann Sheridan, David Wayne. Director: Claude Binyon. Comedy. Uncle was a quarrelsome aicoholic, and when he accidentally fell and



A lone frontiersman discusses peace with the legendary Apache chief Cochise in Broken Arrow, a technicolored film which is presented with "sweep and movement."

was killed during the customary argument on a picnic, his sister, two young nieces, and their lazy husbands hid his body, fearing lest they be suspected of doing away with him. Thereafter it becomes harder and harder to keep the truth from the third niece, the only normal one of the family, from a curious insurance investigator, and from the local constable who wearies of having the nephews-in-law identify every stray corpse in the area as uncle's. In the end, they have cause to wish they'd told the truth in the first place.

It's hard to believe a comedy could be built on such grisly material and not offend—but the film succeeds in doing so, thanks to some good "character" performances and tongue-in-cheek satire on the affectionate professions of prospective insurance-policy beneficiaries. Atmosphere of dingy seaside resort town is effectively conveyed. You won't like many of the people, but you will enjoy them.

M. Y.

Saddle Tramp (Universal). Wanda Hendrix, Joel McCrea. Director: Hugo Fregonese. Melodrama set on and around Nevada ranch, its hero a cowboy whose disdain for permanent ties deserts him when a homesteader friend is killed, leaving four little boys. He sets them up in roadside camp when he finds his new employer dislikes children, then faces another problem when they are joined by a girl who has fled from her cruel uncle. There comes a time, however, when he puts his boss eternally in debt to him by ferreting out secret of disappearing cattle, bringing the culprits to justice and preventing bloody feud with innocent neighbor.

No western masterpiece, but a good, everyday example of the species. Many clichés, beautifully technicolored scenery, an admirable hero. Except for one brutal fist fight near the end, film would qualify as good juvenile fare. M, Y

* Summer Stock (MGM). Eddie Bracken, Gloria DeHaven, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Marjorie Main, Phil Silvers. Director: Charles Walters. Musical, Daily routine on Connecticut farm run by personable young woman is sadly rent when her younger, stage-struck, but not very talented sister arrives from New York with troupe of young hopefuls to stage production of new musical comedy in the family barn, hopeful of attracting producers' notice. The hostess is at first annoyed, but she is persuaded to relent-on condition that the actors pitch in and help with the chores-and in the end saves the show by taking over the leading rôle when her sister proves not up to the job.

Brightly technicolored, more fanciful than real, film offers a predictable plot made palatable by entertaining song-and-dance numbers, spontaneous performances, a pleasant, friendly over-all atmosphere.

M. Y. C

Among other current films, these, already reviewed, should prove rewarding:

For Family: Annie Get Your Gun, Reaver Valley, Cheaper by the Dozen, Cinderella, Father of the Bride, The Jackie Robinson Story, Stars in My Crown, Ticket to Tomahawk, The Titan.

FOR MATURE AUDIENCE: All the King's Men, The Bigycle Thief, The Big Lift, The Fallen Idol, Fame Is the Spur, The Gunfighter, Hamlet, The Hasty Heart, Intruder in the Dust, Lost Boundaries, Mrs. Mike, No Sad Songs for Me, The Outriders, The Red Shoes, A Run for Your Money, Samson and Delilah, The Third Man, Three Came Home, Three Little Words, Treasure Island, Twelve O'Clock High, The Winslow Boy.

From advance reports, these should be well worth considering: Eye Witness, The Happy Years, The Lawless, Our Very Own, Panic in the Streets.

John 7. Frederick

Speaking of Books-

OF SPECIAL APPEAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE-

WHETHER THEY'RE TEEN-AGERS OR 'SMALL FRY.'

OVEMBER is the month of Children's Book Week, in bookstores across the United States; and I am sure that in the weeks just following the arrival of this issue of The Rotarlan, very many of us will be buying books for Christmas gifts to young members of our familles and their friends. I want this month, therefore, to suggest some good choices among the many attractive books, new and old, for younger readers. I'll record first some special enthusiasms, and then mention more briefly some other worthwhile selections.

I am most favorably impressed by the three volumes I have seen in a new series called "Landmark Books." The plan for this series is to present great events in American history—high lights of the American heritage—in such a way as to give them the highest interest and meaning for young readers. Such a plan is an inspiring challenge to the most competent of writers and illustrators, and they are responding to that challenge.

The Voyages of Christopher Columbus, written and illustrated by Armstrong Sperry, is worthy of its place as the first volume in the Landmark Series. It is written simply, but with true beauty and dignity. It achieves for the reader a strong sense of Columbus and his son Diego as living and breathing human beings, and of the voyages as actual experience. It does not gloss over the tragedy of Columbus' later years, or evade the record of his mistakes and failures. It is truly a fine achievement.

Similar praise is due The Pony Express, by Samuel Hopkins Adams, and Lee and Grant at Appomattox, by Mac-Kinlay Kantor, the seventh and eighth of the ten volumes first published in this series. Mr. Adams has told the dramatic story of the pony express in terms of the hardships and dangers-the storms, the long and lonely rides, the fights with Indians and outlaws-of the young men who carried the transcontinental mail in the fateful years at the eye of the War between the States. Mr. Kantor has made us see Lee and Grant as knowable people-like an uncle or a cousin-in their historic meeting in the parlor of the flustered McLean family.

All three writers have achieved the very difficult ideal of writing simply without writing down. All have held fast to historical truth: these events are exciting enough without any fictionizing if the truth is really revealed, as it is in these books. They're printed in an especially appropriate type, and very handsomely illustrated and bound. I recommend most strongly that you consider one or more of the volumes in this Landmark Series for any young reader of high-school or upper grammar-school age. If you'll look into one of them for three minutes, you'll see what I mean.

For any household which includes a cat, Wilfrid S. Bronson's Cats is indispensable reading for the whole family. Here is another book which gains my highest recommendation. In pictures and text it tells the whole story of cats—how to feed and care for them, why

they act as they do, how they are related to their larger cousins of the cat tribe. The telling is done delightfully—so much so that I read the book straight through, toward midnight after a long day in the field, and felt refreshed and pleasantly excited by it. Yet its material is presented so simply that youngsters of 8 or so will read it very happily for themselves, and still younger folk will want it read to them. Don't miss this book if you're at all interested in cats—or if your children are.

For readers of 12 to 16 (and older) I want to recommend very heartily Milestones of Medicine, by Ruth Fox. Miss Fox has made the discovery of X rays, of radium, of insulin, of penicillin, meaningful and absorbing as stories, because she has shown these events as parts of the lives of real people and has enabled the reader to share their experience. Roentgen, Madame Curie, and the others live in these pages. I am glad to have read this book myself, and I feel sure that it holds significant pleasure for others—both junior readers and their parents.

To round out this group of special recommendations, I want to remind you of *The Magic Firecrackers*, by Mitchell Dawson, which I reviewed in this department in August of this year. In the field of fiction for the age group of 8 or 9 to 12 and older, I haven't found anything I like so well as this truly amusing and memorable fantasy.

And now, among the bewildering mul-



A sketch from Dick Whittington and His Cat, told and cut in linoleum by Marcia Brown, Mr. Frederick notes that it is "a satisfactory text for readers from 5 to 9."

titude of books for young readers, let me make a few additional suggestions more briefly.

FOR TEEN-AGERS

A genuinely good book for older boys is Turtle River Filly, by Matt Armstrong, a Canadian writer. This man knows horses-and he understands boys. I found this story distinctly exciting and worth while. The illustrations, by Charles Banks Wilson, are of equal merit with the text.

Not a few young readers of high-



If you've a cat in your household, says our reviewer, Wilfrid S. Bronson's Cate is "indispensable reading." Here is one of its many illustrations.

school and upper grammar-school age are beginning to take pride in their own libraries and are appreciative of distinction in printing and binding as well as of the content of their books. For such potential book collectors, the "New Children's Classics" are especially attractive. The Fables of Aesop, edited by Joseph Jacobs with highly appropriate illustrations by Kurt Weise, is, I consider, a good example.

The Rainbow Classics is a deservedly popular series of well-made books for young people. Little Women, with an introduction by May Lamberton Becker, is one of 12 volumes of this series now offered in leather binding.

Teen-Age Sea Stories, edited by David Thomas, is representative of "The Teen-Age Library," an admirable series of inexpensive books for youngsters who want action and more action in what they read. These stories are well told, marked by the accurate detail which young readers like, and pleasingly varied. They are clean, and they certainly are exciting.

Many fine old favorites are available at a very low price in the "Companion Library." An example is James Otis' Toby Tyler, the still-fresh and amusing story of a boy who ran away with the circus.

FOR AGES 8 TO 12

Pearl S. Buck has never written a more appealing story than One Bright Day, her new book for youngstersespecially little girls. It tells a true story, one full of interest and meaning, about a day spent by two small girls and their mother in Japan. I recommend One Bright Day.

I am greatly pleased by Genevieve Foster's "initial biography" of Abraham Lincoln. This is indeed an admirable book for the young reader who can here read for himself, for the first time, the story of Lincoln. The book is well balanced, historically accurate, and very well written.

A Cheese for Lafayette, by Elizabeth Meg, brings a minor but appealing and amusing incident of American history to warm life. I think youngsters will like this book.

A book on astronomy for young readers-one consistently readable for them. and scientifically sound, is something 1 have been looking for. I have found it in Worlds in the Sky, by Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. This is a book of very real value.

Indians of the Longhouse, by Sonia Bleeker, is a readable and trustworthy account of the Iroquois tribes as they lived before the white men came-their games, occupations, folklore. It's a new, and very good, kind of book about Indians.

Owls, by Herbert S. Zim, really belongs in my list of special recommendations. It's a book for the young naturalist and his dad, with fine pictures and lively, sensible text that answers the many questions every observant person has thought of in relation to these littleknown birds.

Make It Yourself, by Bernice Wells Carlson, is a big and well-illustrated book of projects for enjoyable handicraft on the part of young people. It calls for no expensive materials or special tools-and it contains literally hundreds of interesting suggestions for youngsters who want to make things.

Ruby Throat, by Robert M. McClung, is a scientifically accurate biography of a hummingbird in the form of a pleasant story, with many good pictures by the author.

The Big Book of Trucks, by George J. Zaffo, will be enjoyed by boys (and some girls) as young as 3 or 4, by boys up to 12-and, I suspect, by the fathers of these boys. It contains pictures, of large size and in full color, of the many kinds of trucks used in modern business and industry, with brief descriptive and explanatory accounts.

FOR THE SMALL FRY

Rosa-Too-Little tells, in story and pictures by Sue Felt, a very enjoyable little story of a small New York City girl who realizes her wish to have a library card.

Marcia Brown has given the old story of Dick Whittington and His Cat pleasing illustrations-linoleum cuts-and a satisfactory text for readers from 5 to 9.

Caboose, written by Edith Thacher Hurd and illustrated by Clement Hurd. appeals to me as a story youngsters of 4 to 8 will enjoy, and one from which they'll learn a good deal about railroads and freight trains.

The Backward Day, a story by Ruth Krauss with pictures by Marc Simont, is a gay little fantasy with especially amusing illustrations.

The Circus Baby, by Maud and Miska Petersham, is notable for colorful and well-drawn pictures, and a simple little story which very small youngsters can enfoy.

The Puppy Who Chased the Sun, written and illustrated by Le Grand, is another good choice for very little people -an amusing yarn with a meaning they won't miss.

Georgie's Pets, by Marion Conger, with pictures by Vera Neville, is a good book for boys and girls who are beginning to experience the joys and heartaches of owning pets.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices: The Voyages of Christopher Columbus, The Voyages of Christopher Columbus, Armstrong Sperry (Random House, \$1.50).

—The Pony Express, Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House, \$1.50).—Lee and Grant at Appomatiox, MacKinlay Kantor (Random House, \$1.50).—Cats, Wilfrid S. Bronson (Harcourt, Brace, \$22. Milestones of Medicine, Ruth Fox (Random House, \$2.75).—The Magic Pivecrackers, Mitchell Dawson (Viking, \$2.50).

Turtle River Filly, Matt Armstrong (Doubleday, \$2.50).—The Fables of Aesop. edited by Joseph Jacobs (Macmillan, \$2).—Little Women, Louisa May Alcott (World, \$2.50).—Ter-Age Stories, edited by David

\$2.50) .- Teen-Age Stories, edited by David Thomas (Grosset & Dunlan, \$1) .-



Cat life-both indoors and outdescribed by Author Wilfrid Bronson. He did both text and illustrations.

ter, James Otis (Grosset & Dunlap, 50 cents). ter, James Otts (crosses, a Dunia), 50 cents, —One Bright Day, Pearl'S. Buck (John Day, \$2).—Abraham Lincoln, Genevieve Foster (Scribners, \$2).—A Cheese for Lafayette, Elizabeth Meg (Putnam's, \$1.50).—Worlds in the Sky, Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton (John Day, \$2.50).—Indians of the Longhouse, Sonia Bleeker (Morrow. of the Longhouse, Sonia Bleeker (morrow, 52).—
Sel.—Owls, Herbert S. Zim (Morrow, 52).—
Make It Yourself, Bernice Wells Carison (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 52).—Huby Threat,
Polsset M. McClung (Morrow, 52).—The Bly Robert M. McClung (Morrow. \$2).—The Hig Book of Trucks, George J. Zaffo (Grosset & Dunlap, \$1.—Rosa-Too-Little, Sue Feli (Doubleday, \$2).—Dick W: Attlington and His Cat, Marcia Brown (Seribners, \$1.75).—Ca-boose, Edith Thacher Hurd (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, \$1.25).—The Backward Day, Ruth Kraum (Harper, \$1.50).—The Circus Baby, Madu and Miska Petersham (Macmillan, \$1.50).—The Pappy Who Chased the Sun, Le Grand (Wonder Books, \$3 cents).— Georgie's Pets, Marion Conger (Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.25).



As the Four-Way Test campaign starts in the Florida town, Newspaper Editor Walter Berry gets the facts from Rotarian Jas. Rupert.

Jacksonville Beaches Takes

The Four-Way Test

FOR A TIME THE TOWN WAS PUZZLED.



Unpacking Four-Way Test plaques, Committeemen prepare the door-to-door distribution of them to 144 businessmen.

HIS IS A STORY about 25 common, ordinary words . . . and about some uncommon, extraordinary adventures they have had.

There is strictly nothing unusual about the words, yet they've worked their way to maybe 80 countries where they've led who knows how many men to rewrite contracts, junk advertising campaigns, hike employee bonuses, and take their wives on trips they at first said they didn't have time for at all, dear.

For these 25 words form four brief questions which someone has called "the shortest complete code of ethics ever devised." Yes, my friend, I am talking about the Four-Way Test—that handy gauge of human conduct devised 20 years ago by a young Chicago manufacturer for his own use and now to be seen on office walls and desk tops from Kobe to Keokuk to Karachi. Long commended to all Rotarians by Rotary International and converted from English into French, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, German, and Japanese, it asks its simple questions (Simple? Ha! Try it!) wherever Rotarians live and toil.

But what happened not so long ago in Jacksonville Beaches,

Florida, is typical of a new trend: the spreading of the Test to the public. "Maybe our friends and neighbors would like to hear about this thing," was the way the talk went among the 29 Rotarians of this little city of 15,000 when the idea first struck. "Maybe our fellow Main Streeters would be interested."

These "Beaches" Rotarians, I should explain, had been hearing how the Club in their State capital of Tallahassee had given every Florida legislator a little plaque with the Four-Way Test on it.

OUR WAY TEST

And they'd been reading how Rotarians in Hawaii had placed the Test in the hands of the 63 delegates to their State constitutional convention. And, further, how Rotarians in Vallejo, California, were going to gift every member of the eight other local service clubs with one of the little desk plaques, especially honoring one member of each nominated by his fellows as best able to pass the Four-Way Test.

papers small, cryptic "ads" which said merely: THE FOUR-WAY TEST. At length, with civic curiosity at high pitch, editorials told what the Test is and how it came to be.

With the campaign picking up momentum, the Club now sprang a large and special meeting, with civic leaders, other service-club members, clergymen, and non-Rotarian businessmen present to hear able discussions of the Test's four questions and learn still more of the story. That night Gilbert A. Cotton, then Club President, went on the air, spreading knowledge of the Test in the homes of the community and stressing its applicability to everyone in all realms of human activity-the office, factory, home, school, government.

Now the Jacksonville Beaches Four-Way Test campaign was in high gearand ready for the final push: the personal distribution of Four-Way Test plaques and placards among 144 non-Rotarian business and professional leaders of the town. Laden with these articles, the 29 Rotarians set out one noon, therefore, and before the sun had set had visited each of the 144 men at his place of business and had left the Test with him. Long were some of the chats the gifting induced, and invaluable were the many new acquaintances formed.

The result? Who will ever know? Who can test the Test? It does interest Jacksonville Beaches Rotarians to note that the little plaques and wall placards are still in evidence in the shops and offices where they left them, and it does

Way Test you gave me-that's all right. I keep looking at it and. .

But the young manufacturer who started all this-who was he? He was and is Herbert J. Taylor, of Chicago, who, as you may remember, served Rotary International as First Vice-President in 1945-46. Long before that, back in the hungry days of 1933, Herb was the new President of a debt-ridden firm making aluminum pots and pans. Herb brought the company some fresh ideas on how it might fare better with its employees, competitors, customers, and stockholders. These beliefs he compressed into what he called the Four-Way Test-and measured every personal and company move by it. Today Herb's firm is worth 2 million dollarsand he credits the Four-Way Test!

I believe him. In Jacksonville Beaches and Hawaii, in Vallejo and a thousand other places, everybody says, "Herb sure had something there."

-THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



With the Test given wide public explanation—as in a sermon by Methodist Minister Dr. Arthur R. Charlesworth (top), a Ro-

tarian—the giving of the plaques begins. Here Rotarians Gil-bert Cotton and Hugh MacCotter call on Merchant Harvey Jeter.



Rotary Reporter

BRIEF ITEMS ON CLUB ACTIVITIES AROUND THE WORLD

Spare a Tree! Asks Innisfail

A short while ago the Rotary Club of INNISPAIL, AUSTRALIA,

turned its collective thoughts to the subject of trees. Their beauty and their place in a community went without saying. What did come in for discussion was the idea of planting trees from different countries to serve as a botanical reminder that nations exist not alone, but in relationship with others. To make its international tree-planting project a reality, the Innisfail Club would welcome trees from Rotary Clubs located in geographical latitudes similar

From a "queen" to a President! That's the story here as attractive Jill King, 1950 Texas Rose Festival queen, presents a bouquet of roses to Joseph M. Haddad, President of the Tyler, Tex., Rotary Club, at the time he took office.

to its own. To facilitate entry into Australia, the Club has been officially advised that a tree shipped from another country should bear a certificate stating that it is free of disease. If further information is desired before shipping a tree, write to the Club Secretary: Fergus J. Duncan, P. O. Box 118, Innisfail, Australia

'Plant Trees!' Without the international aspect of the **Urges Hamilton** INNISFAIL tree project reported above, but with emphasis on arboreal beauty, the Rotary Club of HAMILTON, AUSTRALIA, is spearheading a conservation week in its community with systematic tree planting as a part of the program. The project was announced at a special Rotary meeting attended by scores of guests representing many local organizations and civic bodies interested in promoting the plan. Present was the Mayor of Hamilton, who thanked the Rotary Club for organizing the community-beautification program.

Hmm! What Was That Article?

When KANKAKEE, ILL.. Rotarians enter their place of meeting and see by each chair a white mimeographed sheet, their minds flash back to what they have been reading in THE ROTARIAN-for they know this sheet carries a challenging quiz on the current issue of The ROTARIAN. Prepared by the Club's Magazine Committee, the test usually includes questions of the true-and-false and multiple-choice type. Club members apply themselves to the test before being served. To the top scorer goes a copy of My Road to Rotary, the book by Rotary's Founder, Paul Harris. Designed to stimulate reading of each issue of THE ROTARIAN. the test uses no question already posed in the "Kiver-to-Kiver Klub" section of the Magazine.

What Do They Do Well, the Rotary Club of TAKAMATSU, in Takamatsu? JAPAN, does many things that benefit many people. Every Sunday, for example, a Club member gives a lecture that is open to the public. The Boy Scouts and a local orphanage are helped through the Club's sponsorship, and a school for the blind is aided financially. Children of poor families receive toys from the Club on certain hol-



Safe flight and better health are wished Janet Wiedrich as she enplanes with her mother for treatment of arthritis at the Mayo Clinic. Her well-wishers, members of the Medina, N. Y., Rotary Club, which is financing the trip, are (left to right) Bert Weet, J. P. Ken-nedy, and Club President Geo. Becker.

idays, and a student-aid program is conducted. Also in process is a history of the TAKAMATSU Rotary Club. There. now, is a fair idea of what they do in TAKAMATSU.

An Echo from Valleyfield

As a guide to the future, the Rotary Club of VALLEYFIELD,

Que., Canada, not long ago devoted part of a meeting to a glance at its 1949-50 record. And an inspiring echo from the past it was! Among the high lights recalled was the \$1,000 soundproofing of several rooms at a local hospital, the donation of clothing and a radio-phonograph set to a home for the elderly, and the shipment of 2,000 vitamin tablets to the needy in Italy. The Club also placed life belts at several vantage points around a near-by bay, helped to arrange a community-wide tuberculosis examination by a mobile unit, donated \$200 toward the purchase of a movie projector for the city, and equipped an underprivileged-children camp with a \$300 stove. For fun and fellowship, VALLEY-FIELD Rotarians held a picnic for their children, and also arranged two highly successful ladies' nights.

Paterson Sends

Someday, not too Bordeoux a Forest many years away, there will stand in

BORDEAUX, FRANCE, and vicinity several thousand Georgia pine and oak trees. Sturdy and beautiful, they will be a living tribute to Rotary's Fourth Object as practiced by the Rotary Club of PAT-ERSON, N. J. Right now, however, the trees-11,000 of them-are just beginning to take root in French soil, for they were only recently shipped by the PAT-ERSON Club to BORDEAUX Rotarians for replanting. This transatlantic reforestation project began when a PATERSON Rotarian, who had been corresponding with the Bordeaux Club, learned about the huge fire that levelled 450,000 acres of forests in the Bordeaux area about a year ago. To help rebuild the devastated area, the PATERSON Club purchased 10,000 one-year-old pine seedlings from the State of Georgia and sent them overseas. In addition, the State donated 1,000 seedlings. Now they are planted in French botanical gardens and parks, and the PATERSON Club prizes the expressions of gratitude it has received.

Where is the com-Improve Your Town? Here's How! munity with no room for improvement? In

BYRAM, CONN., the Rotary Club sponsored a fund-raising campaign to obtain an ambulance for the city. As a part of the campaign, a benefit garden show was held at a local estate which



A minute they'll rememberwhen Rotarians of Vacaville, Calif., waved these three Scouts and their leader off to the National Jamboree in Pennsylvania. The Vacaville Club sponsored the trip. For the story of the Jamboree see the September Rotarian.

attracted some 600 people who toured the 1½-mile site.... In CRAFTON, PA., the Rotary Club staged a song-and-music show as a means of adding to the community medical fund. Result: the fund mounted to over \$800 after the show's contribution.

A skating rink, playground, and clubhouse are sporting facilities now available in Lethbridge, Alta., Canada, as a result of the Rotary Club's interest in making its community a better place to live. Situated on the outskirts of town, the \$6.000 four-acre site was built by Lethbridge Rotarians with funds from the sale of Victory Bonds during World War II.

In Haines City, Fla., the local Rotary Club has long helped to make the play-ground of Eugene Bryan Park a place for real fun and healthful exercise. Back in 1925 the Club donated recreation equipment to the park, and recently it again equipped the area with swings, a merry-go-round, slide, and a jungle-gymunit for climbing.

Gleanings from When the Rotary Club of RYDE, AUSTRALIA, recently cen-

tered attention on the youth of its community with a special youth-night program, 42 pupils from 15 schools participated in the occasion. The accent was additionally placed on youth by having as guest speakers a 12-year-old boy and an 11-year-old girl. The boy spoke about South Africa and the girl about Indonesia, and both obtained material for their talks by corresponding with school children in those areas.

In FARBURY, ILL., members of the local Rotary Club apparently believe that anything worth doing once is worth doing again and again, especially if it's for youth. Like the high-school football banquet, for example. In 1928, the year the Club was organized, FARBURY Rotarians sponsored a banquet for high-school gridiron athletes that really



Busy with saws and hammers are these Rotarians of Cortland, N. Y., who spent many man-hours and acquired quite a few blisters and aches while building a Girl Scout shelter at Camb Kiwanis in the Adirondack Mountains.



"What am I bid?" shouts the auctioneer at a Meriden, Conn., Rotary Club auction. It produced \$1,100, part of which was contributed to the Community Fund and the remainder used to sponsor a baseball league for boys between the ages of 13 and 15.



There's more than 325 years of Rotary membership represented here by these 25-year men of the Rotary Club of Jersey City, N. J., who were recently honored by their fellow Rotarians. Each was presented a plaque for long devotion to Rotary's ideal.

crossed the goal line in success. Since then the Club has continued the event through the years for succeeding football teams.

Not for youth, but for youth leaders was the training conference co-sponsored at Connersville, IND., by the local Rotary Club and Purdue University. Arranged for adult leaders of 4-H Clubs of five Indiana counties, it was the 11th annual conference so conducted and was attended by over 100 participants.

In ASHTABULA, OHIO, the Rotary Club recently geared itself for increasing its aid to youth by creating a Career Committee which will arrange vocationalcounselling sessions for career-minded young people. . . . Throughout Smith County, Tex., the Rotary Club of TYLER sponsors a Young Citizens Club for girls and boys of a junior college and several high schools. Membership each year is limited to one boy and girl from each school chosen for their outstanding achievements in ten classifications, including scholarship, citizenship, courtesy, and thriftiness. The Club awards each student a framed membership certificate and a billfold. The TYLER Rotary Club has conducted this activity for 14 vears.

Wirksworth Shows For over 160 years, 'Well Dressings' the custom of decorating wells with colorful framed pictures made entirely of flowers and leaves has been practiced in the English county of Derbyshire. During the 1950 well-dressing festival. the Rotary Club of Wirksworth, England, played host to over 200 Rotarians and their ladies of Districts 6 and 7. Divided into small groups, the visitors were taken on tours of the town, and later attended a meeting addressed by Thomas H. Cashmore, President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland.

Mustachios . . . And they played all rôles, even though some had to don and Molars skirts and other items of feminine attire. But EASTPORT, ME., Rotarians didn't care because it was all for funand for the benefit of the local dental clinic. Their play, a melodrama of the "Gay '90s" era, called for such costume items as derby hats, villain-type mustaches, and wigs with long curls, and it was reported that a handsomer-or lovelier-group of men hadn't been seen in Eastport for quite some time.

Essays Put U. N. in Spotlight and The Boundary.

QUE., CANADA. recently turned the thoughts of local high-school students toward the United Nations by sponsoring essay contests on the work of that world organization for international peace. The FALL RIVER Club's contest was built around the theme "How Can

the United Nations Bring Peace to the

World?" The prizes offered were U. S.

Savings Bonds of \$50 and \$25-and they

were won by two 16-year-old girls in



Wearing a "Gee, thanks!" expression, little Howard Tuttle, a YMCA camper, shakes hands with Rotarian Fred Maynard at the dedication of a water well donated by the New Haven, Conn., Rotary Club. Left is J. P. King, Rotary Boys Work Committee Chairman.

their junior year at a local high school. The contest sponsored by THE BOUND-ARY Rotary Club was open to students of two schools on the Quebec side and a school on the Vermont side of the U. S.-Canadian border. With copies of Rotary publications on the U. N. furnished them by the Club, students vied for four preliminary prizes of \$5, \$3, \$2, and \$1 awarded to winners in each of the three schools. The 12 prize-winning essays were then judged again for the awarding of four grand prizes of \$10, \$5, \$3, and \$2. All the prizes were given at a Rotary Club meeting. The grandprize-winning essay was published in two local newspapers, and Warren R. Austin, U. S. Representative to the United Nations, said of the contest, "Projects such as this are vital in creating interest in international affairs. . .

Differing only in News Bits from form, the activities Sports Field of Rotary Clubs often are directed toward furthering interest in sports and helping athletes. In Louisiana's capital city, for example, the Rotary Club of Baton Rouge has given a helping hand to 16-year-old Hamilton Richardson, who recently won the U.S. national junior tennis championship. The Club helped the young tennis star by paying \$300 of his tournament expenses on one occasion and \$200 on another. While participating in California tournaments, the youth sent weekly reports of his activities to his Rotarian benefactors, and upon returning home with championship trophies he personally expressed his gratitude to them at a Club meeting.

In Timmins, Ont., Canada, the Rotary Club's entry into the field of sports took the norm of a three-day Sportsman's Show, which the Club co-sponsored. On closing night the event drew the largest crowd ever to gather at the local community building where the show was held. The total attendance was 20,000 and the proceeds mounted to \$6,000, which the Rotary Club divided equally with its co-sponsor. As a result of its participation in the event, the Timmus Club improved its ability to carry on a community-betterment program and boys work activities.

When athletic teams of Kinston, N. C., travel out of town to keep their playing engagements, they use a 24-passenger bus. The vehicle was presented to the city's recreation commission by the Kinston Rotary Club.

Things Are Okeh Set a task for yourself, accomplish it, in Okeechobee and you feel good about it. There being no doubt about that, it's safe to say that OKEECHOBEE, FLA., Rotarians are feeling marvellous! At the outset of 1949-50 they set for themselves a seven-point program, and by the year's end every point was a real-Ity. They painted and repaired their meeting place, organized a hospital blood bank, sponsored the local Boy Scouts, gave Christmas baskets to the needy, presented an award to two outstanding high-school seniors, sparked the building of a home for the aged, and created a reserve in the Club treasury. And to top it all off, they set a new attendance record for their Club by having perfect attendance for 20 consecutive meetings! Their aim at that time was to extend their record to six

Batter Up! Baseball jargon played a big part in the inaugural meeting of the Rotary Club of Springerich, Mo., this year when "Pop-up Pete" and "Whiffing Willie" were used to represent characters who "strike out" when their Rotary Club calls upon them for help in the batter's box. However, other "batters"—sluggers all—came up and advanced around the bases, designated

successively as "Fellowship," "Professional Service," "Community Service," and "International Service." As intended by those who planned the Springfield Club's "baseball" meeting, the affair hit a home run in demonstrating the rôle the individual member plays in his Club's success.

Unless you are acquainted with the Ever Attend a Bonspiel? sport of curling (see cut), you're probably saying. "Attend a bonspiel? What is it?" Well, a bonspiel is a contest between curling teams-or "rinks," as they're called-and in NELson, B. C., CANADA, along the shores of Kootenay Lake, a mid-Summer bonspiel has been held annually since 1944. At the 1950 bonspiel in Nelson, the local Rotary Club staged one of the high lights of the week-long affair by arranging an ice carnival which featured Canadian skater Mary Rose Thacker (see cut) and other top bladesmen from Western U. S. and Canada. Titled "Parade of Nations," the ice show also displayed the skating prowess of many Rotarians' children. Nearly 2,000 persons attended the ice carnival, many of whom were visitors from all parts of Canada.,

Como Shows its
Faith in Youth
Swiss border in Italy
has been established
a new youth hostel, or lodging house,
for use by young travellers on hikes or
bicycle jaunts. Under the supervision
of the Italian Association of Youth Hostels, the lodging house was made possible partly through a contribution of

50,000 lire by the Rotary Club of Como,

ITALY.

This History
Worth Repeating
of the Rotary Club
of CRANFORD, N. J.,
took a look at the course his Club had
covered in 1949-50, he found many an
achievement to log. Among them were
the organization of a Student Loan
Fund, the vocational counselling of 34
high-school students by Club members.



"Sweeping" they rocks into the "house" are these curlers (above) at the curling bonspiel in Nelson, B. C., Canada (see item). At the right, expert skater Mary Rose Thacker performs at the Nelson Rotary Club's ice carnival, one of the high lights of the big bonspiel.





Because youth and juke boxes go together, Long Beach, Calif., Rotarians donated this \$1,000 machine to a local youth center. Here both teen-agers and Rotarians enjoy a popular tune.



Albert D. Heebner (left), 1949-30 President of the West Orange, N. J., Rotary Club, presents a sound movie projector to A. Lasser, head of a local institute for rehabilitating paraplegics.



As a part of their "Know Your City" program, Rotarians of Kokomo, Ind., are taking a guided tour through the local phone plant. Their plans include tours of other companies in Kokomo.



Selecting the pig he wants to raise and breed from a litter in the "pig chain" of the Gainesville, Ga., Rotary Club (see item) is a 4-H Club member chosen to participate in the pig plan.



Peanut-butter-and jelly sandwiches are in the making here for 50 youngsters who visited Sidney, N. Y. They had to eat going back home, so these Sidney Rotarians did just what you see here.



Holding District 170's awards to the Carlsbad, N. Mex., Club for its excellent record in activities and attendance are Rotarians D. Connell and J. R. Harrell. Club President Libbey watches.

the sending of 300 pounds of food to the Rotary Club of Jersey, Channel Islands, a special meeting honoring naturalized citizens of the community, and a Halloween parade and a Christmas party for scores of local youngsters.

11 Little Pigs Are Now 500 Back in 1947 the Rotary Club of GAINES-VILLE, GA., decided to

start a pig club, or "pig chain" as it is more commonly called, the purpose being to help farm boys get a start in pig production. To start the chain, the Rotary Club obtained 11 gilts, the term farmers use for young female pigs. The first year 11 4-H Club boys received gilts with the understanding that one female pig from the first litter of each gilt would be returned to the GAINESVILLE Rotary Club for presentation to other 4-H farm boys. With the program now in its third year, the "chain" has grown to over 500 pigs and 36 boys have been awarded gilts by the Club. The Rotary Club, as a part of the plan, also provides, without charge, each gilt owner with a boar for breeding purposes. The "chain" is managed for the Club by the county agricultural agent, a Rotarian, and the boars have been provided through purchase of Club members.

25th Year for 14 More Clubs

celebrate their 25th anniversaries. Congratulations to them! They are Peterborough, N. H.; Ravenna, Ohio; Dyersburg. Tenn.; Niles, Ohio; Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Ardmore, Pa.; Rogersville,

Tenn.; Ambler, Pa.; Croswell, Mich.; Olney, Tex.; Manchester, Iowa; Pittsburg, Calif.; Lincoln, Calif.; North Sacramento, Calif.

At the tenth-anniversary celebration of the Rotary Club of Montrose, CALE,, 110 Rotarians and guests feasted their eyes—and their digestive organs—on a 2-footwide cake that bore nine blue candles and a gold one.

Salem Sends 15 To Willamette University in SALEM, OREG., have gone 15

Students in the past seven years under the terms of scholarships provided by the Salem Rotary Club. The plan works this way: Each year two high-school graduates are chosen for the awards. Applicants are first screened by a University committee, and from those selected the final choices are made by the Scholarship Committee of the Rotary Club. The awards carry fuli payment of tuition for four years, with each scholarship amounting to \$1,500.

Pueblo Honors If you had been pres-84 Students ent as a visitor at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of PUEBLO, COLO., you would have met 4-H Club members, Eagle Scouts, star athletes, talented musicians, school valedictorians, and many other young people outstanding in some particular activity. The occasion marked a special program devoted to "youth appreciation" by the Puesto Club, and each of the 84 student guests so honored was presented to the Club's members. Included among the guests were eight students who had been awarded full-tuition scholarships to the local junior college by Puesto Rotarians.

Scouting News, Boys and Girls That both Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts get the in-

terest of many Rotary Clubs has been frequently reported in these columns. Current examples involve the Rotary Clubs of Philadelphia, Pa., and Springfield, Mo. Recently in Philadelphia a group of Girl Scouts participated in a discussion of Americanism under the sponsorship of the local Rotary Club. In Springfield the Boy Scouts purchased four tents with Rotary-donated funds, and their camp received from individual Club members a \$2,000 road grader, 1,000 feet of oak flooring, refrigerator, washing machine, hot-water heater, and sufficient wallboard for two cabins.

Add 15 Clubs to the Roster There's Rotary fellowship in 15 more communities of the

world! Among this number is one Club that has been readmitted. They are (with their sponsors in parentheses): Praesto (Naestved and Vordingborg), Denmark; Porthcawl, Wales; Rothesay, Scotland; Ross-on-Wye, England; Bebington, England; Toyohashi (Nagoya), Japan; Dunsmuir (Chico), Calif.; Friedrichshafen-Lindau, Germany (readmitted); Rosenberg (El Campo), Tex.; Hanover (Quincy), Mass.; Constantine, Algeria; Uckfield, England; Quinta Normal (Santlago), Chile; Chatsworth (Markdale), Ont., Canada; Gladstone (Rockhampton), Australia.

Scratchpaddings

WHAT ROTARIANS ARE DOING

GUBERNATORIAL Cradle. McComb, Miss., may go down in history as 1950's "town of distinction," for it is supplying the service-club world with three District Governors for the current year. McComb, as you possibly already know, is the home town of William Neville, Jr., Governor of Rotary's District 206—but so also is it the home town of Dr. D. M. Williams, District Governor of Lions International, and Maurice Edmunds, District Governor of the National Exchange Clubs.

'Ham' Notice. As part of its international-relations program, the Rotary Club of Fortaleza, Brazil, is on the âir over "ham" station PY7XC every Tuesday evening at 11 P.M. GMT (8 P.M. Brazilian local time) on a frequency between 14,250-350 kilocycles (on the 20-meter band). The Club hopes to contact Rotarians and Rotary Clubs all over the world by "ham" radio, according to William H. Chippendale, Chairman of the International Relations Committee.

Return Trip. As reported by The Scratchpad Man in the April issue, the S.S. Noronie fire last Fail in Toronto, Ont., Canada, produced many demonstrations of thoughtfulness by Rotarians of Toronto and Leaside, Ont. Two of the injured aboard the ship were H. M. Cannell, a Twinsburg, Ohio, Rotarian, and his wife, about whom your scribe wrote. Recently Rotarian Cannell returned to Canada to present plaques on behalf of the Rotary Club of Twinsburg to the Toronto and Leaside Clubs for their kindness following the harbor catastrophe.

On the Job. When Neil King, driving to his home in Skokie. Ill., from Connecticut where he was attending college, was hospitalized at Timmins Hospital in Bedford, Pa., with a bad appendix, his father, Arnold D. King, a



For the best news photo of the year, William McMillan (left), a Kosciusko, Miss., Rotarian, wins the National Press Photographers Association competition, here receives a diamond award and a check for \$100 from the president of the association, Paul Thre[fall.

Skokie Rotarian, was notified that an operation was advisable. ROTARIAN KING checked with the President of the Rotary Club of Bedford as to the man to do the job. Came the answer: Dr. Tim-MINS, head of the hospital. Then it was that Rotanian King found that Dr. Tim-MINS too was a Rotarian, told him to go ahead with the operation. He then flew to Bedford, where Rotarians welcomed him and sent gifts of flowers and books to NEIL and visited him every day. Later, in appreciation for the kindness and hospitality of Bedford Rotarians, ROTARIAN KING presented generous checks to the Timmins Hospital and the local Boy Scouts.

Backer-Uppers. When Henry W. McKay, a member of the Rotary Club of Compton, Calif., served as chairman of the March of Dimes solicitation in his community recently, the pupils in the grammar-school district of which he is assistant superintendent backed him with the highest pupil donations in Los Angeles County, his Rotary Club backed him with the largest single donation, and the city of Compton backed him with the most successful drive yet recorded in the community.

Yes, Truly. It was Thursday and the 28-man Rotary Club of Boynton Beach,



"We're off." . . . to entertain District 210 Rotarians meeting in Milwaukee, Wis., with Jack Benny, Phi! Harris, and Vivian Blaine—stars of the radio lones. Carl Mueller, a Milwaukee Rotarian, is at the wheel. At the right is Clifford A. Randall, of Milwaukee, the District's Governor in 1949-50.

Fla., was in regular meeting. Among guests were the speaker of the day, CHARLES PIRCE, of Fort Lauderdale, and Miss ALICE KELLY, of Britain. Introduced, the two wondered if they had not encountered each other's names in England during World War II. They had. Both were to receive governmental decorations on the same occasion, but Mr. PIERCE was transferred before the award could be made, and received it later. Truly a small world, they agreed! Some weeks before Miss Kelly had rep-

resented wives of British Rotarians at a local Club meeting in which Boynton Beach Rotarians had held a "crossatlantic intercity meeting" with the Felixstowe, England, Rotary Club.

George Does It! In these columns in June THE SCRATCHPAD MAN told how the Rotary Club of Venice-Nokomis, Fla., elected five members whose first name is George to its Board of Directors. elected another member and dubbed him George to bring the Board to full complement-then decided to let George do it! Well, the six Georges are doing it, your scribe is glad to announce. Right now they are working out a plan for beautification of their community. Time-demanding though such a project may be, they still find energy to back the Boy Scouts, the Cubs, and a Little League baseball team.

Pledge. Rolfe Lanier Hunt, a Homewood, Ill., Rotarian and editor of *The Phi D lla Kappan* magazine, wanted a "Pledge to the United Nations" to accompany an article he was scheduling.



Retiring as president of Texas State College for Women, Denton, Tex. Rotarian L. H. Hubbard (right) chats about administrative affairs with his successor, John A. Guinn, of San Angelo, Tex., a Past District Governor.

He watched for a whole year, and when he still hadn't found one, he decided to write the pledge himself. It was quickly reprinted in other magazines and even set to music. The pledge follows:

I pledge allegiance to the United Nations, And to the ideal for which it stands—Union in the one world, indivisible, Where under the One God men live In liberty, equality, and fraternity—One government of all people, by all people, and for all oeople, Serving each other in peace and goodwill.

Modernest Movie. You get that extra something when you drop in for a show at the new cinema house in Russell (pop. 6,000), Kans. You get safety, comfort, and good film fare, naturally, but you also get a sort of symphony of color which rises and falls with the action on the screen. Hundreds of light bulbs operating something like a color organ produce up to 15,000 colors and shades that play upon walls and ceiling as the film unwinds. It all heightens the mood. We gather this information from the theater's proprietor, Dale H. Danielson, Past District Governor. "There is only one other installation of this kind in the United States," he answers, when we ask about it, "and it is in a slightly



A half century of wedded happiness has been tallied by Rotarian and Mrs. H. B. Craddick. A Past Rotary International Director, "Bert" is a member of the Rotary Club of Minneapolis, Minn., now resides in Santa Monica, Calif-

larger center—Radio City Music Hall in New York City." Seems that Dale's former theater burned to the ground three years ago during the week when he was screening a short subject called Smoke Eaters. Townfolk at first thought the fire a publicity stunt. Anyway, Dale resolved to build again—and has so uniquely that Boxoflice magazine featured his theater in a recent issue. Oh, yes, the name of Dale's theater is the "Dream."

King Harry. It all happened because HARRY W. STEWART, a member of the Ro-

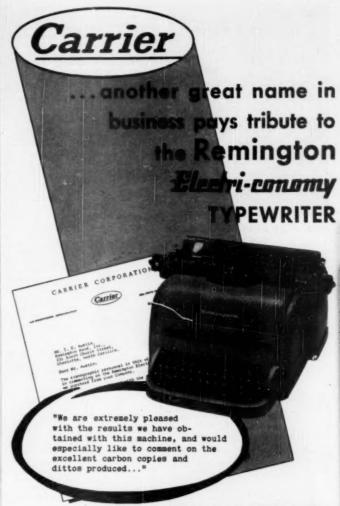
tary Club of Sacramento, Calif., was featured in a trade publication whose circulation is world-wide. That is the truth. Here are the consequences: ROTARIAN STEWART WAS made a "King for a Day" by his fellow Rotarians

Stewart with all the fanfare which should properly go with such an observance. Because he is a bachelor, the event took place on ladies' day in the Club. He was escorted to his "throne" by his aides and crowned, then received with kingly bearing 400 Rotarians and their ladies. ROTARIAN STEWART is an oil-company division manager.

Boosters. When a man is elected a Rotary District Governor, he's apt to look down the 12-month corridor that is his term of office and wonder just how he will get to the other end. But when those who have made the same trip assure him that he'll get through all right —just as they did—he throws back his



There are three (count 'em) George E. Withingtons in the Rotary Club of Providence, R. I.—and here they are: George, Jr.; George III; George, Sr.



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of course.	Gly	Jane	Disio



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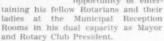
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shoulders, rallies his unusual abilities, and moves ahead to do the job. In Rotary's District 210 (part of Wisconsin) that is exactly what happens and what has been happening for many years. Here is the story: At a well-laid annual banquet in Milwaukee, the Past Governors of the District meet with the new Governor about a month after he takes office, do a bit of "kibitzing," reminisce as they "remember when," give a word of encouragement to the Governor, assure him of their support. At the head table as toastmaster presides his immediate predecessor. The plan has been in operation since 1938. Since 1939 the gettogether has been sponsored by HoWELL G. Evans, of Two Rivers, Wis., following his term as Governor. His sponsoring activities include sending out the announcements of the meeting, planning the affair, making arrangements, etc. The result: The Governor's morale zooms and he knows that, in his own way, he will make a success of his year.

Mayor and President. THE SCRATCHPAD MAN is wondering if any other commu-

nity in the Rotary world can match Bromley, England, in this respect: During his 1949-50 term as President of the Rotary Club of Bromley, ALDERMAN J. S. MARRIOTT was elected Mayor of his town. He had the unusual opportunity of enter-



Ode to the Wheel. When the REVEERD WILLIS G. CLARK read Five Goals for Friendly Men, by Arthur Lagueux, President of Rotary International (The ROTARIAN for July), and contrasted them with the "5 G's—Go, Gather, Gobble, Gabble, and Git," he was moved to write the following in the Pass Christian, Miss., Ro-Ta-Tor, which he edits:

ODE TO OUR EMBLEM
If "round its rim you will feel,
You will not find just a wheel,
But to you it will be clear
That our emblem is a gear.
And surely this you must know:
A gear is not just for show:
But is for work, meeting needs,
Gwing SERVICE at all speeds.

Juxtaposition. The Rotary Club of Suffield, Conn., has run along smoothly during its first year and, the members feel, has lived a blameless life. That's why they are chuckling over the juxtaposition of a couple of (they feel) unrelated facts in a recent issue of a Connecticut paper. The paragraph reads:

There will be no meeting of the Suffield Rotary Club Tuesday and the Suffield Police Court Wednesday evening will be omitted.

Hymn. Tom L. Mills, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Feilding. New Zealand, has composed the following hymn—which he has dedicated to Rotary:

Hymn for Rotarians
Rotarian, me: Rotarian, me—
Raise our hymn to our Delty.
He came to serve, with service true—
There is our motto, for me and you!
God guide our movement
Through every moment.
God keep us true men,
Rotarians all.

Rotarians Honored. ROMUALDO PELLE-GRINI. President of the Rotary Club of

General Roca, Argentina, has been named a corresponding member of the National Department of Historical Research....
Hamburg, Pa., Rotarlans pald homage to one of their fellows recently when they presented an easy chair to Dm. George F.



Potteiger

Potteigr on his 60th anniversary of practicing medicine in their borough. He has helped the stork with more than 2,000 births. . . The Government of Cuba recently bestowed the decoration of Knight of the Order of Carlos Manuel Cespedes on Antonio de P. Giraud, of Mexico City. . . . John Allum, of Auckland, New Zealand, was recently knighted by King George VI. He has served on the City Council for more than 20 years, been Mayor of Auckland for ten. . . Pedro N. Gordillo, of Cordoba, Argentina, has been elected president of the Argentine Federation of Engineering Societies.

Morgan B. Hodskins, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Palmer, Mass., has seen the new building at Massachusetts Monson State Hospital named after him. He is a retired superintendent of the hospital. . . . Herman Roe, of Northfield, Minn., was granted the citation of "Doctor of Rural Journalism" by the Minnesota District Editorial Association. . . RAYMOND J. KNOEPPEL, of Bronx, N. Y., a Past Director of Rotary International, has been awarded the Service Medal of the New



Do Past Presidents continue to take an active part in your Rotary Club? They do in Memphis, Ark.—every single one of them, and there are 16 on the list—all here.

York State Association for Crippled Children. . . . One of 25 former Pennsylvanians to be named "Pennsylvania Ambassador" for 1950 is WILLIAM M. HUDson, of Carlinville, Ill. Dr. Hudson is president-emeritus of Blackburn Col-

lege. Dr. WILLIAM M. GAMBRELL, of Austin, Tex., has been elected president of the Texas State Medical Association. . . Three Peoria, Ill., Rotarians have received new honors: FRED M. BOURLAND has been elected a trustee of Bradley University; ALBERT S. HARMS has received an award from the Junior Chamber of Commerce for outstanding work in government administration; and Dr. HAROLD DEOBALD has received the Boy Scouts high award, the Silver Beaver. DR. GUY H. HILLMAN, of Plainfield,

N. J., is the new president of the New Jersey State Dental Society. . . . HUGH Ivan Evans, of Dayton, Ohlo, has been elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

Home. Now home from Japan is JEAN P. BOOTH, of Kinston, N. C., a Past Dis-

trict Governor of Rotary International, Attached to the staff of GENERAL DOUGLAS MAC-ARTHUR in Tokyo, Japan, as one of ten educational advisors chosen from outstanding institutions of learning in the United States, ROTARIAN BOOTH was doing a tour of

0



duty in an advisory capacity in acquainting the Japanese people with American manners and techniques in secondary and higher education.

Flags, THEODORE McCLUSKY, a Kirkwood, Mo., Rotarian, while visiting Rotary Clubs away from home saw a display of flags of many nations. He admired them. Now the Kirkwood Rotary Club has a set of flags-the gift of ROTARIAN McClusky, of course.

Short Cut. Recently when GILBERT Anderson, a member of the Rotary Club of De Kalb, Ill., set out for Cedar Rapids. Iowa, on a business trip to see a man he knew only by name, he was naturally concerned-because, after all. Cedar Rapids is a good-sized city (pop. 70,000) and finding someone could be a time-consuming task. Informed by a neat road sign that "Cedar Rapids Rotary Club Meets Monday"-and this was Monday-he decided to make up attendance before continuing his search. As he registered at the meeting place, the Acting Club Secretary looked at Ro-TARIAN ANDERSON'S card and exclaimed. "I am the man you are looking for!" A road sign had shown a short cut to friendship.

Wa-a-a! Two members of the Rotary Club of Lawrenceville, Ill,-DR. R. T. KIRKWOOD and CHARLES D. RICHARDSONpassed out cigars at the same Rotary Club meeting recently to celebrate the arrival of daughters-one to each. Our Lawrenceville correspondent asks, "Who says we're old men?

-THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

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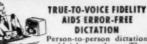
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[Continued from page 19]

another type, called the planicopter, only the rotors (blade, shaft, and motor) swing from the horizontal position used during take-off and landings to a vertical position for forward flight. This is the proposed helicopter in which you and I have just had our short imaginary trip over my town.

In the planicopter proposals of E. Burke Wilford, W. Lawrence Le Page, Louis DeMonge, and several other designers, the rotors are mounted on the wing tips. One design has rotors about 17 feet in diameter on shafts 20 feet apart. Speaking at the last meeting of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences, R. S. Barnaby, of the Franklin Institute, described the expected performance of this convertible craft.

"Calculations indicate." he said "that the transition of the blade rotation from the horizontal to the vertical will be a smooth operation, the fixed wings taking on the craft load as the rotor axes are rotated."

When flying as a helicopter, operation will be as in normal helicopter practice.

In another type of the rotor-axischanging group, the rotor blades become fixed wings and the jet engines drive the craft in forward flight. In this type, as in the tail-landing type, provision will have to be made to swing the passenger seats at the same time that the craft is changing its position. This will not be easy. Thus, the planicopter is still the best bet of the rotor-turning group.

As a result of work on conventional airplanes, American engineers and designers have a wealth of aerodynamic information which is applicable to the development of the convertible.

Most of the designs were not tried out because of the cost of building a model for practical flying tests.

Research on the atomic bomb and the history of many inventions show that a new invention or development is often only a matter of sufficient money. Many engineers feel that if money cannot be found among private groups or firms, the Government should help out.

The United States Government, through the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, has done research on rotating-wing aircraft since 1918. The Army Air Forces and the U.S. Navv also have done considerable work in this field since the First World War. The old Air Corps, for example, encouraged the experiments of the Berliner family and Dr. de Bothezat in the early '20s.

Aviation engineers feel that the convertible airplane must be brought beyond the design stage. The more enthusiastic ones predict that ten years from now some convertible type of aircraft will be in production, and will eventually displace today's light plane.

Until the time when you and I can make our imaginary flight come true. we shall be able to watch the skies and see today's primitive helicopter change into a personal aerial vehicle which will be as useful and convenient as the family car

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

As THE popular phrase goes, do you "know all the answers"? Don't say "Yes" until you have tested yourself on the following questions based on articles in this issue of The Rotarian. After you have taken the test, turn to page 59 to find out if you do "know all the answers." 1. Two of the following are considered

Rotary classifications. Which is the exception?

Fruit growing. Drug retailing.

Senior active membership.
2. Philosopher Will Durant says that he is amazed at:

The amount of money in the world The amount of suffering in the world. The amount of happiness in the world. 3. The Golden Pitcher, by Mary Heaton

and Iliya Bulatkin, is about: A star baseball player. A king who feared old age.

A priceless Mongolian urn. 4. A characteristic of starlings, according to Stanley J. Meyer, is that:

They are friendly toward other birds. They can fly upside down.
They won't live alone.

5. The disease Colonel Daniel E. Wright is conquering in Greece is transmitted by:

Streptococcus bugs. Anapheles mosquitoes Goldenrod pollen.

6. Two reasons that the helicopter is not in greater use, according to John L. Kent, are:

It costs too much. It is difficult to fly.

It can't be flown in moist climates. 7. Which of the following has been called "the largest, least known, most thinly populated, and most unused area

in the world"? Amazonia. Upper Slobovia. Neamacra. B. You should sing, says Albert P. Stewart, because it:

Loosens you up, lessens restraint. Might get you a radio contract. Develops the medulla oblongata

9. The books reviewed by John T. Frederick have special appeal for: Detective-story fans.

Young people. Lovers of the open road. 10. Most of Rotarian J. E. Stevenson's hobbies have:

No ears. Purple tongues. Four legs.

London in 1941: A Memory

By Arthur Mortimer

1949-50 President, Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland; Member, Rotary Club of St. Pancras

IT IS GOOD to get a story out of one's system and thus free himself from it as one would from any other obsession.

During the war years there must have been thousands of such personal miracles, most of which have never been recorded and never will be. Though this is only one, like many others, yet it should go on record for the sake of all concerned.

In September, 1941, my wife and I were living in London on the north

bank of the Thames in Upper Mall Hammersmith. Our small Queen Anne house was a little gem full of character. The miniature garden had six good bearing apple trees and ran down to the river. At the left-hand half adjoining the wall protecting the



Mortimer

garden from the river was a wide terrace where we had most of our meals in the Summer and could watch the shipping pass to and fro.

Breakfast on the terrace was a happy meal before the work of the day began. Then we saw the river police patrolling their beat, as well as all the other river traffic. My work at the time was closely associated with the war effort as a temporary civil servant, being the chief technical officer in the supply department, in which I had had training and qualifications. I still hold the position as secretary and manager of the trade association with which I had been connected for 12 years and had an office in one of the west-end squares of London.

One morning immediately after breakfast, air-raid wardens called at the house to warn us that an unexploded bomb had fallen during the night and it was not safe to remain in the house until the bomb had been removed. We were advised to vacate at once, certainly within an hour, and take clothes with us. As my car was garaged less than half a mile away, I went for it, and my wife packed a couple of cases of clothes for each of us.

For just such an emergency or for staying in town if it was impossible to get home, I had made a room in the basement of my office into a bed-sitting room. It was very comfortable, contain-



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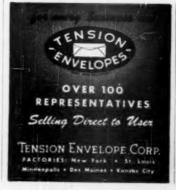
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ing a bed, chest of drawers, table, four chairs, and a gas cooker. All went well. My wife unpacked and we had lunch and dinner in this apartment. All was quiet as we went to a near-by cinema. The next day was similar until about 9 P.M. Then the fun began. The sirens screeched, informing the world that hell was let loose and all must take cover. We were already in the basement of a six-story Georgian house, well built, solid, and so far as we knew quite safe. We heard the circling of planes high overhead for about half an hour. Then bombs whistled through the air, hit the ground with a thud. Then a terrific explosion shook everything within a mile radius. So far as we could guess, the nearest would be three-quarters of a mile away. (This turned out to be approximately correct.) The planes now sounded to be directly overhead. Then we heard such a shrill whistle as some form of missile was hurtling through space, apparently obliquely toward the building in which we were. The crash came, not an explosion, but the noise of a heavy body hitting the next building. What a shaking we got. Then quiet-so quiet that it was shattering.

We rushed from our back basement retreat and for two-thirds of the way up an old flight of stone stairs when whatever it was exploded. It must have been more than two minutes after it reached the ground. The blast of air produced by its rapid passage had blown the window over the stone steps open. I had just shut this when the absolutely terrific noise of the explosion was heard. At the same time the rear of the house, where we had been a few moments before, was wrecked and the furniture broken like match boxes with the weight of five stories of masonry, furniture, stoves, typewriters, and books.

Had we been there, life could not have been worth a moment's purchase. As it was, the land mine (as we afterward heard) had dropped on the next building and the blast had to knock down three walls to reach us, which it did, carrying me in a wide curve, rear first, through a glass partition and a brick wall. I had a tight hold on the iron stairrail which was firmly fixed in the old stone steps. My wife had a good grip also two steps below me, so she followed.

I made the holes and got the bruises and cuts; she escaped with slight bruises. We must have been carried 20 feet. When we woke up after what seemed hours, but couldn't have been more than five minutes, the dust was still thick and we were so choked with the dust of lime, soot, plaster, and ordinary dust that we could hardly breathe.

My glasses had been broken and blood was streaming down my left cheek. It appeared afterward that my eye had been almost cut out by the broken lens. The dirt completed the process of blind-

ing me. My leg was trapped under tons of masonry, but my head and body were under a fine old oak table board. I called out to my wife, for I could neither see nor hear her. By now it was dark, so I called, "Are you there, dear?" She replied from what seemed a long way off, "Yes, are you?" Then I said, "Are you alive?" Her welcome reply was, "Yes." Then I said I must be. After that we wanted to know about each other's injuries. She appeared to have only bruises and shock. I said I couldn't see, but did not appear to have any broken limbs. I then told her that I was trapped and couldn't move my legs.

By this time the dust had settled and there was broken glass everywhere, but her voice sounded much nearer. She said she would come and help to release me. I was able to tell her where we were from the known position of the oval board room table. Gingerly she could be heard moving and by occasional words she could locate my position. At last she reached me. Whatever anyone may think, we quietly shed tears of joy when we touched each other's hand.

By feeling rather than sight she found that huge chunks of masonry held my legs in a vice. Trying first one side, then another, she found one place where she could get the masonry moving slightly. Eventually she got it rocking, then with a superhuman effort she pushed it over. When an examination could be closely made, no one could believe that my wife could have possibly moved it for it was estimated at over six tons.

It was unbelievable—but so was the whole of that nightmarish night. There it was—we were both alive and mentally sound; we had been dead and were alive again, lost and now found. Would we be found by anyone else? There was

A Lesson Learned

My outfit was stationed on a cold fogbound island in the Aleutian chain. Almost every day an earthquake shook the island. One morning we were detailed to help unload a boatload of supplies. On the way to the beach the screeant in charge did some tall griping.

Twenty-nine hours later the job was completed. Dead on our feet we headed back to our gun position. The sergeant was still griping. He said, "All we need to make this perfect is an earth-quake." He had hardly finished speaking when the earth began to quiver and shake as if a giant hand were using it for a punching bag. The sergeant stood in open-mouthed surprise. Suddenly he jerked his rain hat from his head and slammed it into the mud. "Confound it!" he roared. "Will I ever learn to keep my big mouth shut!"

-Theodore H. Elliott

now a little moonlight showing the openings where window glass had been but a short time before. These old houses had the basement windows protected by strong iron bars. We could not get through even if we could get near them. The only doorway to the area was blocked for 10 to 12 feet by debris many feet high.

Then the welcome sound of footsteps as air-raid wardens came down the area steps, crunching broken glass at every step. "Anyone alive in there?" was what they shouted. My answer of "Yes, two of us," was heard the first time even though bombs were still bursting. It was not long before the iron bars were being sawn in two so we could get through the window opening. That old oak table was a great help for we crawled under it almost to the opening, where willing hands soon had us safely out of the dangerous wreck of the

THE men took me to a temporary hospital; I was wearing only slippers, trousers, shirt, and a dressing gownall of which had to be destroyed. The silk dressing gown was already in shreds. Eventually an ambulance (one given by an American town) driven by an American girl arrived to take me to a hospital where I was put into an underground ward.

My wife was taken by a girl warden, who had already done a day's work in a large store, to one of the women's hospitals. She was examined and discharged the next day. My story is longer for I had to stay a month and undergo many operations and examinations, but eventually I was discharged-my eye was replaced, my wounds healed, and hundreds of pieces of glass were removed from my face and body.

Before we got back to our own home, though the unexploded bomb never did explode but was safely removed, another did and most of our glass and china were broken, our furniture damaged. Every window was smashed and the roof was off.

It will stop many a recurrent dream of the whole episode to put the brief story on paper. Is there a sequel? Of course there is or the experience would be wasted. First, we put new values onto things and realize their relative unimportance compared to people. Secondly, we both wonder why when almost everyone else in the area lost his life, we were saved. What is the purpose of it all? As yet we do not know, but we do know there is some work that God has for us and if we do those things which we have guidance to do, we may find the right one.

It has helped us to realize that we are not here to dream-to drift-but to live according to the highest we know. If our private miracle has done no more than that, it has changed our lives.





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Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

the United States, will recall how the child fell into a well and millions prayed while efforts were made to rescue her. Contributions flowed in from all over the U.S.A. Later the money was given to the Los Angeles Children's Hospital. Recently in the lobby of the hospital a bronze plaque was unveiled, with this inscription: "Kathy Fiscus... in whose memory eternal vigilance in the field of child safety is hereby dedicated."

I hope that all of us will take seriously this statement which Rotarian Fiscus issued in appreciation of those who gave and thus made the memorial possible:

Our prayer today is that not only the many who gave so generously to various funds and the more than 20,000 who communicated their sympathy to us, but others all over the world will, while remembering Kathy's tragic accident, dedicate their thoughts to the ever-present problem of child safety and join their efforts with those of the Children's Hospital in a program to minimize needless accidents.

Such a program, saving lives and unmeasurable anguish to little children, will be the greatest living memorial Kathy could have.

Friendly Contacts . . . 30 Years

Reported by John G. Bevan Past Service

Secretary, Rotary Club

Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada In The Rotablan for September a letter [Talking It Over] from Rotarian H. W. Webber, of Buffalo, New York, refers to the Conference of District 248 held in Buffalo last May as the "first" international District Conference.

This may not be properly understood by your readers and while technically correct in relation to District 248, which only came into existence under this number July 1, 1949, the former Districts 169 and 4, which consisted of Clubs on both sides of the border, had for 30 years, with one exception, held District Conferences and District Assemblies in Canada and the United States in alternate years, and in addition had elected District Governors on the same plan.

When redistricting has been effected on several occasions, it was unanimously insisted upon that the international character of this District should be maintained so that our friendly contacts established through the years should not be broken.

Re: Village Rehabilitation

By GIAN PAOLO LANG, Rotarian Produce Exporter

Leghorn, Italy

We Rotarians of Italy were interested in The Scratchpad Man's account of what the Rotary Club of Athens has done in helping to rehabilitate a mountain village in Greece which had suffered destruction by war [see Athens Adopts a Village, The Rotarian for June]. It recalls to us that several towns in our country have done much in the way of self-rehabilitation.

One village in particular is worth mentioning. In the North of Italy, 3,800 feet high, lies the village of Forni. The whole place was set after May 26, 1944,



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THE Rotarian S E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois

in reprisal for the death of a Nazi soldier, and out of 500 homes and buildings, only the school and the Town Hall were saved. As the flames rose high in the air, the population, watching from a distance, decided that they would find ways and means to rebuild their homes and their village.

But those were terrible years: poverty and hunger reigned everywhere, and no help was forthcoming. The people of Forni were amongst the poorest: the only things they possessed were sand, gravel, stones, timber; also stubborn wills and the strong arms of the mountain men. And so, altogether irrespective of political creeds, thoughts, or religion, they started their job, one stone on top of the other, helping each other and working at night because during the day there was other work to be done in the fields. In order to determine who was to have first priority, as everyone was in equal need, they flipped coins. First was a man who had been a Fascist; his home was the first to be built. Their village grew up slowly but steadily: it took about four years of hard, tenacious, difficult work, but at the end each had his home again and it had been built by everybody.

To these people the Rotary Club of Udine was happy to present a good part of the clothing sent to it for distribution by the Rotary Club of Gary, Indiana.

Re: The Jury System

By GEORGE T. FAIRCLOUGH Son of Rotarian Troy, New York

I read with interest Roger William Riis' How to Save the Jury System [THE ROTARIAN for September].

I think it is an honor to be called to jury duty. A juror serves the Government, the people, justice, and democracy. A command to jury duty is as much a call to arms, in the service of our country, as is a command to military service. Let only three exemptions be allowed: first, persons physically unable to appear in the courtroom; second, persons whose occupations are of a sort that does or could conflict with the law;

third, persons whose occupations might prejudice them in any particular case.

I do not think jurors should receive pay from the court. Jury service is a public duty, and jurors should have public spirit enough to serve without recompense. However, an arrangement might be made whereby all employed jurors would be paid a certain percentage of their regular wages by their emplovers.

Rejects Riis Remedies

Says RICE LARDNER, Rotarian Clergyman Olathe, Kansas

With the perspective of five years' absence from 15 years' active practice spent as a member of the Kansas bar, I feel I can objectively survey Roger William Riis' views as expressed in How to Save the Jury System [THE ROTARIAN for September 1.

Mr. Riis' suggested remedies-pretrial hearings and higher pay for jurors -have always been advocated by the leading members of all the bars in the United States. Nor have our bars fought the presence of women on juries. All these suggestions arose from the bar and the failure to adopt them everywhere is largely due to public inertia.

Mr. Riis' suggestion that somehow all trivial cases should be removed from the docket, or attorneys be prevented from filing cases of negligible importance, contravenes one of the fundamental concepts of the English-American common law: that every man is entitled to his day in court, whether he be rich or poor, whether he be strong or weak, or whether his suit involves a dukedom or a shilling lodging. thank God every day in my life that I live in a nation where a court sitting with 12 jurymen tries cases with thorough protection for the rights of every citizen.

My conclusion after reading Juror Riis' observations was that he evinced in himself the chief fault in the operation of our jury system: the failure of the jurors themselves to weigh the evidence in the light of the law as per the



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instructions of the court, and the substitution of prejudice for deliberation, of annoyance at the burden of service instead of a happy pride in being chosen to perform the most sacred function in free America, and speed for accuracy in

Wanted: Intelligent Jurors

By CHARLES S. ADAMS, Rotarian Past Service Reading, Pennsylvania

The discussion entitled How to Save the Jury System, by Roger William Riis [THE ROTARIAN for September], is indeed very timely. If I have a case against me, to be decided by a jury, I want men and women on that jury who have some intelligence.

The medical doctor who might be the defendant wants a good cross-section of the community on his jury, with some intelligence included. How can be have this if he and others claim exemption from service? Of all professions, that of the physician might claim more exemptions from jury service than any other because of the health and welfare of the community. And yet, require him to arrange his affairs so that he can serve when called, except in real emergencies, and that can be left to the discretion of the court, and not be determined by a legal mandate.

The doctor cannot plead loss of income any more than the farmer whose business suffers when he is away from the farm-or any other occupation or profession, for that matter. He can be away for a vacation, and so he can arrange affairs to meet his responsibility as a citizen to serve as a juror.

Delays, postponements without good cause, court sloth-all deny justice for a longer period than is reasonably neces-

Pretrial hearings will keep frivolous and petty cases out of court, save valuable time for many citizens, and save much in jury costs. Such monetary savings will more than make up the increase in pay that jurors should receive, rather than to be out of pocket after having given a week or two of

'Cultivate Your Forgetter,' Too

Suggests John A. Gellatly, Rotarian Realtor

Wenatchee, Washington

I wish to commend Donald A. Laird for his fine article in THE ROTARIAN for October, Do You Want to Remember Better?, but I have found in a life experience extending more than 80 years that it is just about as important to cultivate your forgetter as it is to possess a good memory.

Having grown up on a farm in the Far West where as a boy I had to associate with many farm hands, much to my later chagrin I found that my head had been filled with a lot of smutty stories which have haunted me all my

I have found, too, that all the way down the wandering stream of life we all meet up with thousands of incidents and unavoidable circumstances that should be immediately and forever erased from the average retentive mind.



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Opinion PITHY BITS GLEANED FROM LETTERS. TALKS, AND ROTARY PUBLICATIONS.

Real Religion Deepest Need

WILMA MCMILLION High-School Student Williamsburg, West Virginia

In the final analysis there is one big thing to remember. Peace pacts and recovery programs and armed might are not sufficient to build world order. Behind the efforts there must be a united peoples, not nations torn by internal strife and dissention. Real religion must be the final answer to the world's deepest need. I do not mean religion as a creed, a form, or a rite. I mean genuine inward contact with the unseen and the eternal.-Excerpted from prize-winning essay in contest sponsored by the Rotary Club of Ronceverte, West Virginia.

Ten Urgent Needs

BENTON B. BYERS, Rotarian Proprietor, Byers Pharmacy Duluth, Minnesota

WE THE PEOPLE NEED

- * The Guidance of God. * Unrestricted Freedom.
- Service above Self.
- · Voice in Government.
- · Choice in Health Care.
- · Greater Individual Effort.
- · Less Greed, More Honesty. * Less Evasiveness, More Hard Work.
- · Less Malice, More Charity.
- * Time to Reflect, Then Act.

Back Citadels of Freedom

HENRY J. ARNOLD, Rotarian President, Hartwick College Oneonta. New York

Alert industrial executives recognize the urgency of maintaining the free-enterprise system to ensure the financial stability and productive strength of their corporations. But there is some doubt as to whether big industry in gen-

Rotary Foundation Contributions

By mid-September nine additional Rotary Clubs had made contributions to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per mem-This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 2,122. Since July 1, 1950, Rotary Poundation contributions had exceeded \$34,730. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership):

BRAZIL

Videira (24); Rosario do Sul (16); Bage (22).

CANADA Wallaceburg, Ont. (61).

UNITED STATES Bainbridge Island, Wash. (30); Elmira Heights, N. Y. (60); Davi-son, Mich. (31); Covington, Ga. (48); Fulton, Mo. (38). eral is aware of the fact that this system thrives best in a climate of social and economic ideas that is favorable to its development. While the tax-supported institutions of the country are fully conscious of the importance of safeguarding their academic integrity, there seems to be general agreement that the independent, privately endowed colleges and universities are more secure in their freedom from political interference. It would seem decidedly in the interest of industry to give assistance to these institutions which are, in fact, the citadels of freedom, in the broadest sense of the

Sonnet to Rotary Meetings

WILLIAM B. SCHAAF, JR., Rotarian Hat Retailer

Detroit, Michigan

R eal fellowship is yours when you belong; with

O pportunity to serve each one;

rue friendship is your rich reward to reap;

equaintanceship with men of note; and fun.

ewards from business and a job admired; Y outh Service in community to find;

M en rise above the common throng;

E nlight'ning those of lesser heart and mind. With

thics high in business, as in life, and rue devotion that shall never cease;

I nternational helpfulness will crown those

N oble efforts to preserve the peace.

G reat hearts respond to those in fear and need: while

8 ervice ever is our living creed. -From The Rotoscope of the Rotary Club of Detroit, Michigan.

Hard to Be Sour

CHARLES C. SELECMAN, Rotarian Clergyman Dallas, Texas

The service club is more than a place to take lunch once a week. It is a place of comradeship where men can loosen up with singsongs. It is pretty hard for a man to be sour when he gets with a group of the fellows .- From a Rotary Club address.

Daily Conduct Counts

H. K. MITRA, Rotarian Refractories Manufacturer Jamshedpur, India

There is a saying in Chinese that the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. It is to the unit we must therefore turn our serious attention, too. Our journey to the grand goal of Rotary, to be a success, demands that every unit of our contingent is clothed with that armor which entitles him to be called a

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Rotarian. That armor is Rotary's vocation principle. The unit is the individual Rotarian. Unless every one of us individual Rotarians pays a scrupulous adherence to our second avenue of service, we have no right to be in Rotary, Fortified with this armor we need not fear the challenging situations that we find all around. If Rotary is to make a contribution to the world today, every Rotarian must show by his daily conduct that he sincerely believes that his vocation is an opportunity for service .-From a Rotary District Conference address.

Cog vs. Keyway

HIRAM M. EBERLY, Rotarian Hardware Distributor Lititz, Pennsylvania

The cogs that sometimes leave our Wheel Are easily replaced; Our Club could never bear to have Its symmetry defaced.

This gear may suffer quite a bit With one or two teeth out; But once new cogs have been installed Its strength is n'er in doubt.

But should we lose a keyway m Who works close to the hub, The loss could be calamitous And deeply hurt our Club.

Now, this word "keyway" to members not Mechanically inclined, May just have no significance Mayhap should be defined.

Examine close your Rotary wheel See where the shaft goes through; That little slot was cut in there Especially for you.

No slipping, once it's put to use "Keyway" is the name; Unites us with communities Rotary's highest aim.

The cogs that drive this wheel, no doubt,
Are doing all they can;
But those whose aim is SERVICE FIRST,
Are truly KEYWAY men.

-From The Cog of the Rotary Club of Lititz, Pennsylvania.

Fight One More Round

W. HAMILTON AULENBACH, Rotarian Clergyman

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania The best way to test the mettle of a

man is to give him a difficult task or job and let him fight his way through to accomplishment. The immature man, the childlike man, is always quitting in the face of difficulties-opposition. As little children under difficulties run to their mothers for protection, the resigning man, the quitting man, runs to someone, anyone, who will mother him and sympathize with him as a poor, abused, misunderstood, not-appreciated person. The fully matured man gives battle to the very end for the things he believes right. He fights one more round.

Where a Lot Meant a Lot

D. R. FOSTER, JR., Rotarian Realtor

Kinston, North Carolina

Is a moral obligation as binding to us as a legal one? My business is real estate and several months ago I showed a prospect a lot. I talked with him several times but could not sell him, and my option expired. Just a week ago I had a phone call from this man. Yes, you guessed it. He bought the lot direct from the owner and legally there was no way I could collect a commission. Then he added, "I would not have



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"It's a get-well-soon card from you boss, dear. And he adds, 'or else!"

known about that lot had I not talked with you. You are entitled to your commission and if you will come by my office, I have a check for you." It just so happens that at one time this man was a member of a Rotary Club. What is far more important is that this man is and always will be a Rotarian in the broad sense of the word. A moral obligation meant as much to him as the most binding legal one.—From a Rotary Club address.

Rotary's Ultimate Purpose

FRANCIS A. WOODARD, Rotarian Banker

Andover, Ohio

I believe the great ultimate purpose of Rotary is the concentration of our Rotary effort toward the development of the individual Rotarian into larger, more efficient, and more beautiful capabilities for service. It should make each member a better man because he is a Rotarian. It should help him to think right, be right, do right; to make his business a pleasure; to make truthfulness and quality the prime elements of business; to make him love his neighbor; to look on the sunny side of life and smile-to supplant joy for sorrow-to seek that which is good in all men; to serve humanity willingly, cheerfully, faithfully, honestly, unselfishly; and when charged with our ideals and aspirations, to send him as an evangelist in Community Service to his friends, to his neighbors, and to his classification outside of Rotary.-From a Rotary Club address.

'Meant for Each Other'

LELAND A. NELSON, Honorary Rotarian Clergyman

Springfield, Oregon

There is a most beautiful lake nestled away in the Canadian Rockies known as Lake Louise. The exact shade of its blue water has never been named, but travellers coming from all over the world marvel at its beauty, fascinated by a color at once brilliant and mellow, deep and clear. No one has accounted for its splendor, but it has been pointed out that the lake is fed by five streams, like fingers feeding into the palm of the hand, and that each stream follows through a different kind of soil bringing with it its particular contribution to make up a part of the indefinable beauty of Lake Louise.

The life of the body of our world is meant to be much the same way—one nation after another making its peculiar contribution to the life stream of the great body of which we are all a part. One flows through a morass that others of us would never have chosen; another comes over hills we have never experienced or explored; but altogether, everything we have done makes the life of our society what we are. We were meant for each other.—From a Rotary Club address.

Two Worry-Free Days

GILBERT F. DUKES, Rotarian Accountant

Mobile, Alabama

There are two days in every week about which we should not be worried—two days which should be kept free from fear and apprehension. One of these days is yesterday, with its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains. Yesterday has passed forever beyond our control. All the money in the world cannot bring it back. We cannot undo a single act we performed, we cannot erase a single word we said. Yesterday is gone.

The other day we should not worry about is tomorrow, with its possible adversities, its burdens, its large promise and poor performance. Tomorrow is also beyond our immediate control. Tomorrow's sun will rise, either in splendor or behind a mask of clouds. But it will rise. Until it does, we have no stake in tomorrow, for it is as yet unborn.

This leaves only one day—today. Any man can fight the battles of just one day. It is only when you and I add the burdens of those two awful eternities—yesterday and tomorrow—that we break down.—From a Rotary District Conference address.

Man's Choice

HARRY W. RANDALL, Rotarian Subscription-Agency Owner St. Johnsbury, Vermont

Whether the people of the world in the year 2000 will be living in a virtual paradise or whether the human race will be almost extinct is something that only the future can tell. Human nature is unpredictable and any prediction can be little more than a guess. It is no guess, however, to state that civilization must either rise to new heights or perish. New scientific developments have far outdistanced man's ancient notions of conduct. Man must either elevate his code of conduct to match the new science or be destroyed. Civilization's course will be either straight up to new and greater heights or downward to oblivion. We are at the crossroads and the next half century will tell the story .- From a Rotary Club address.

Answers to Klub Quiz on Page 50

1. Senior active membership (page 4). 2. The amount of happiness in the world (page 8). 3. A king who feared old age (page 15). 4. They won't five alone (page 12). 5. Anopholes mosquitoes (page 22). 6. It costs too much and it is difficult to fly (page 17). 7. Amazonia (page 32). 8. Loosens you up, lessens restraint (page 28). 9. Young people (page 38). 10. Four legs (page 60).





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F OR the busy Rotarian who is called upon to plan club programs and speeches, what could be more convenient and useful than a completely indexed Bound Volume of 1950 issues of THE ROTARIAN! Available about March 1 at \$4.00 per volume in U.S.A.; \$4.50 in other countries.

THE ROTARIAN

35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, III.

Hobby Hitching Post

When Rotarian J. E. Stevenson, of Brookings, Oregon, arrives home after a day at his dental office, he is usually met by over 100 "greeters." You must admit that's quite a welcoming committee. He looks forward to it eagerly—and here he tells you why.

YES, I get quite a greeting when I arrive at my four-acre country home situated about one mile outside Prookings, Oregon. There's Topsy, a 5-year-old. She always comes a-runnin'. Maria and Mirandy, both less than a year old, say "hello" in their own way. And Faith, Hope, and Becky—and Billy the Buck—they're all there, with a few score more. All in all, it's a big reception. And I enjoy it!

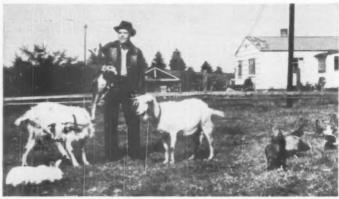
But before you get the idea that I have the world's largest family, or am the operator of a children's home, let me tell you that Topsy, Mirandy. Becky, and all the others are goats, kids, ducks, hens, calves, and rabbits. And I am a dentist who, obviously, likes to be surrounded by small livestock. It's a hobby with me, one that I looked forward to practically all my life, but only recently made a reality.

As a farm boy, I liked animals. I enjoyed feeding and making pets of them. But I left the farm and entered dental school in lowa City, Iowa, and following my graduation from Temple University and the completion of refresher courses in Chicago, I began a professional practice that today is nearing the 60-year mark. As my practice developed came long hours at the office and little opportunity to indulge in the early pleasures of a farm boy who had gone to the city, but who still remained a farm boy at heart.

About five years ago, however, I decided it was time for me to take life easier. Not retire, you understand. Just increase my leisure time. So I moved my practice from Portland, Oregon, where I had been for 33 years, to Brookings, and bought four acres on the outskirts of the town overlooking the Pacific Ocean. I spend about six hours a day at my office, and on my 80th birthday—I am now 81—I extracted 20 of my own teeth, made some dentures, and attended the weekly meeting of my Rotary Club in Brookings.

As for my increased leisure hours, I don't believe I have to tell you how they're spent. Soon after we had put our country place in shape-an orchard, a vegetable garden, a half acre of blueberries, and a water pond-a friend gave us two week-old nanny goats. My wife and I raised them on bottle-fed condensed milk. Next we acquired about 100 baby chicks. Then a small flock of muscovy ducks, an unusually prolific breed that grows to 18 or 20 pounds and lives entirely out of doors. Our rabbit population began with about 50 and now probably is nearer 100. For pollination of the fruit trees and the berries-plus some honey-we have several beehives on our land, and the pond is stocked with catfish. The bees and catfish, I might add, are not among those who greet me in the evening.

As you would expect, one learns a great deal about animals and fowl when he cares for them daily. For example, I have found that goats make an interesting study. Topsy, my 5-year-old milk goat, is a nervous animal and it took her a year to accept me as a friend. Now she stands patiently while being milked, and frequently places her nose on my shoulder for an affectionate pat. Goat conduct is not bad, although the persistence of this creature in trying to satisfy a tremendous appetite has given him a poor reputation. A goat likes companionship and enjoys clean, dry



Shown with only a few of his hundreds of "live hobbies"—goats, rabbits, ducks, chickens—Rotarian Stevenson holds one of the several hids on his four-acre farm.

shelter. When properly quartered and cared for, it carries no offensive odor.

My wife and I have watched goats eating, hunting, stealing, lock breaking, quarrelling, playing, and suffering. We have learned their breeding habits, and are able to sympathize with their almost human conduct when in pain. We have observed marked personality traits develop, and have watched them pass from "kidhood" to old age, and both of us feel we have profited from our close study of these animals so valuable for their wool, milk, and hide,

Our other species of livestock and fowl have required an understanding of their particular types of husbandry, and from our experiences we have not only learned much, but have reaped much enjoyment. We find it fascinating to observe a mother rabbit weaving a light blanket covering from her own hair for a tiny offspring, and to watch how she feeds and disciplines her baby bunnies. Equally absorbing is the science of successfully raising baby chicks, or guiding young calves through a critical period of motherless care and growth.

A kind of added dividend this hobby of mine provides is that of keeping busy. You don't have time on your hands with over 100 "live hobbies" to take care of. I'm up at 5 o'clock in the morning to milk the goats, clean the barn, sterilize the rabbit hutches, and then feed all the poultry and livestock. And in the Spring there's the orchard to spray, the garden to till, the fruit trees to prune, and the berry vines to trim. In the Summer my land must be irrigated.

If all this makes it seem that I'm pretty busy, you're right. I am! But I love it. It's good to have a job waiting for you that must be done, and the hobby I have made of caring for animals accomplishes this purpose.

At 81 years, I look eagerly toward the next day with its chores and new experiences. And as for that mass greeting I get every evening when I return from the office. I wouldn't trade it for any rocking chair!

What's Your Hobby?

Whatever it is, you would be surprised how other hobbyists can make yours even more interesting. So, if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, write to The Homstynouse Room and hell list it here. All he asks is that you answer all correspondence which comes your way.

Early-American Decoration: Mrs. N. Richard Butler (wife of Rotarian—will exchange early-American tray and box top painted designs and authentic stencils for trays and chairs; also desires pen pals outside U.S.A.), 217 Church St., Bethel, Vt., U.S.A.

Postmarks: Elizabeth Brooks (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian-collects post-marks; would like to correspond and ex-change postmarks with English-speaking people all over the world, preferably those aged 13-15), Route 2, Sunnyside, Wash., U.S.A.

U.S.A.

Pen Pain: The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

J. Nallathambi (19-year-old son of Rotarian—would like to correspond with boys and girls everywhere: interested in stamps, coins, photographs); "Nallagom," Ramavarmapuram, Nagercoil, South India.

Alma Terry (19-year-old daughter of Ro-tarian—interested in pen pals, especially in the U. S., Canada, Austratia; interested in ice skating and acting), 9, Wallington Court, Wallington, England.

Bob Mundt (11-year-old son of Rotarian-interested in stamps, coin collecting, study

of birds; would like pen pals aged 10-12), 609 First Ave. W. Mobridge, So. Dak., 609 F U.S.A.

U.S.A.

Rosslinda Vijandre (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires to correspond with Rotarians' children of same age; collects postcards), Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija, The Philipping

Helen F. Schatvet (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen pals in all parts of world), Pratt Island, Noroton, Conn., U.S.A.

Melinda Thomas (daughter of Rotarian-would like pen friends aged 13-15; interested in switning and stamps), 1820 N. Ahrado. Phoenix, Ariz., U.S.A.
Amy Andres (15-year-oid daughter of Rotarian-wishes correspondence with boys and girls everywhere), 412 Southeast Second St., Newton, Kams., U.S.A.
Marianna Frew (daughter of Rotarian-desires to correspond with girls aged 10-12; collects pictures of cats, dogs, horses), 78
Stow St., Waltham, Mass., U.S.A.
Debbie Thomas (14-year-oid daughter of

Debbie Thomas (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like correspondence with young people aged 14-19 in all parts of the world; interested in dancing, poetry, movies, leastical music), 521 Ogden Ave.. Clearfield, Pa., U.S.A.

Pa., U.S.A.

Corsin P. Mirañor (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires to exchange stamps, pictures, postcards throughout the world), Mira Mar Hotel, Bacolod City, The Philip-

Evelyn McGrath (9-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires to write to other boys and girls interested in reading, baseball, music), Box S, Duncan, Ariz., U.S.A.

Box S, Duncan, Arix., U.S.A.
Jose R. Leonardia, Jr. (15-year-old nephew
of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with
boys and girls of same age in Europe,
U.S.A., Great Britain, and elsewhere; interested in stamp exchanges, pictures, pennants, postcards, movie-star photos, dancing,
sports), 5 Rosario St., Bacolod City, The
Philippines.

sports), 5 Rosario St., Bacolod City, The Physports), 5 Rosario St., Bacolod City, The Physports), 5 Rosario St., Bacolod City, The Physports, 5 Rosario St., Bacolod City, The Physports, 5 Rosario St., 5 Rosario Rosario, 10 Rotarian—would like to write to young people aged 13-14 outside the U.S.A.; interested in music and art), 610 Wallace Ave., Bowling Green, Ohio, U.S.A.

Gary Klein (14-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with youths aged 14-15; interested in pictures and literature of other countries and cities, photography, movies, odd sports, mountain climbing, P. O. Box 391, Rapid City, So. Dak., U.S.A., Janet Hollinger (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with others collects annuste, photography, two difficulties, 322 McKinley Ave., Pitman, N. J., U.S.A., Deborah Dixon (10-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires to correspond with Englishspeaking girls in various countries, 11 Flynt Ave., Monson, Mass., U.S.A.

Hillary Lee (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen pals aged 14-15 all over the world; interested in music, sports, science, stamps), 305 Kootenay Ave., Trall, B. C., Canada.

Alisa Yellowlees (daughter of Rotarian—would like pen pals aged 16-17 around the would; interested in music, aports, science, stamps), 305 Kootenay Ave., Trall, B. C., Canada.

Alisa Yellowlees (daughter of Rotarian—would like pen pals aged 16-17 around the would; interested in music, aports, science, stamps), 305 Kootenay Ave., Trall, B. C., Canada.

Alisa Yellowlees (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with bows and the world; interested in wusic, aports, science, stamps), 305 Kootenay Ave., Trall, B. C., Canada.

bury, New Zealand.

Diana Wells (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with bous and
girls aged 14-16 everywhere: inherested in
horses, photography, stamps, sports, the
British royal family, other countries), "Brandear," Otonga Rd., Roturus, New Zealand.

N. R. G. Pal (15-year-old on of Roterian—would like to correspond with others inter-ested in stamp collecting and photographs), c/o Major N. Krishnaswami, "SRIVAS," 34, T. V. Swami Rd., Colmbatore, South India.

N. Swalli Ro., Collingue P. Swalli Ro., Collingue Research Ratha Steakley (14-year-old daughter of otarian—desires pen pals 14-16 years old side the U.S.A., both boys and girls; interited in sports, photography, instrumental cusic), 115 Third Ave., N. W. Clarion, Iowa,

U.S.A.

Dr. Bernard R. Cook would like to correspond with other Rotarians in North and South America, and especially in Canada; interested in sports, particularly skling, golf, swimming, music, rending, home movies), Queen St., Walmate, New Zealand, Bob Clayter, (granden, etc., Patresion, 1986).

Queen 8t., Walmate, New Zealand.

Bob Claytor (grandson of Rotarian—
would like to hear from young people aged
14-16 around the world; interested in
stamps), Cedar Beach, Belgium, Wis. U.S.A.
Margot Bannister (daughter of Rotarian—
would like to correspond with girls and boys
aged 11-13 in U.S.A. and other countries; interested in animals, sports, writing), 404
Day St. Decorah, or sports.

Dav St., Decorah, Iowa, U.S.A.
Kay Bannister (14-year-old daughter of
Rotarian—wishes to correspond with girls
and boys aged 13-15 cereywhere in world;
interested in animals, especially horses and
dogs, and in sports, movies, writing), 404
Day St., Decorah, Iowa, U.S.A.

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Stripped Gears

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive Chicago 1, Illinois. The following story comes from Mrs. R. S. Whitlock, wife of a Bentonville, Arkansas, Rotarian.

In World War II I was in the WAC, and one week during basic training we learned the difference between expendable and nonexpendable articles. Came "White Gloves" inspection with visiting "brass." Naturally, we were all nervous as we knew they would be asking questions and we had no idea whom they would choose to question. Finally they stopped before a shy youngster. The lieutenant pointed to a bar of soap in a near-by locker and asked:

"Private, what is that soap-expendable or nonexpendable?

In a shaking voice the little private replied, "I don't know, ma'am. It isn't mine."

Old Soldier

No good for soldiers now they say, I'm superannuated; But when the cold war starts to boil,

That point can be debated, Wise counsel is the elder's rôle,

What each man has he gives, So let the young men split the atom-I'll split infinitives!

-ROTARIAN WM. E. BROUGHER

How Green Is the Memory?

Remember these history-making places of World War II? And can you match them with their location on a world map?

- 1. Tobruk.
- (a) Italy
- 2. Ploesti. 3. Port Moresby.
- (b) U.S.S.R.
- (c) Carolines.
- 4. Rabaul. 5. Arnheim.
- (d) The Philippines. (e) Norway.
- 6. Levte.
- (f) Bismarck Archipelago.
- 7. Trondheim.
- (g) Belgium.
- 8. Truk.
- (h) New Guinea.
- 9. Dunkerque. 10. Odessa.
- (i) Ryukyus.
- 11. Dakar.
- (j) Malay States.
- 12. Caen.
- (k) Rumania.
- (1) Germany. (m) French West
- 13. Singapore.
- Africa.
- (n) France.
- 14. Okinawa. 15. Cassino,
- (o) Libya. This quiz was submitted by Roland Ry-der-Smith, of Seattle, Washington.

Strange Inhabitants

A Southern U. S. State capital is inhabited by a busy insect: Atl-ANT-a. How many inhabitants can you detect in this list? (Dots and dashes indicate number of letters in name of city; dashes, the name of the inhabitant.)

1) -- ... A bovine in an English university town.

. . A monkey in a Hungarian city. - A sea eagle in a Swiss

4) .. - - - , A fowl in a Greek city. 5) .. -- - .. A feline in a city in

Illinois. 61 . -- --- . . . An amphibian

in a Dutch city. 71 ----. . . A flying mammal in

a Javanese city. 8) -- --- . . A crowlike bird in an Italian city.

9) - - - A bird in an English coastal city.

10) . . . - - A parasitic insect in a French port.

11) -- . . A sloth in an Egyptian

... A singing bird in a city in West Virginia.

This quiz was submitted by Gerard Mos-ier, of Forest Hills, Long Island, New York. The answers to these quizzes will be found on the following page.

Home Is the Shopper

My most successful shopping trips, From my husband's point of view, Are the kind from which I wearily Return with nothing new!

-MAY RICHSTONE

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him tha! hears it, never in the tonque of him that makes i!.—Shakespears.

Said the professor: "I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," as he erased the board .- The Rotary Punch, Sioux CITY, IOWA,

There was a terrible crash as the train struck the car. A few seconds later Mr. and Mrs. crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. opened her mouth to speak, but her husband stopped her. "Don't say a word," he snapped. "I've got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat and if you let it get hit, it's no fault of mine."-Rotary Spokes, PUEBLO, COLOBADO.

A motorist and his wife hadn't spoken for miles. They'd got into a quarrel and neither would budge. Suddenly the man pointed at a mule in a pasture they were passing. "Relative of yours?" he asked.
"Yes," the wife replied, "by marriage." -The Tip-Off, Grand Canyon, Arizona.

"I was figuring on starting some kind of business," yawned a local figure, "but most every business is already engaged in more than's necessary; and then I ain't got no business ability. What I want is something that don't call for no kind of ability whatsoever, no kind of exertion, ain't out of town, pays good, and has a future."—Keystone Investor.

Little girl: "Daddy, why do editors call themselves 'we'?"

Daddy: "To fool the readers into thinking there are too many of them to beat up."—The Rotater, ABILENE, TEXAS.

The number of multiple births is rising. This world has become so tough that babies in increasingly larger numbers are afraid to enter it alone.—OAKLAND (CALIFORNIA) Tribune.

It is rumored that the same person invented the telephone booth, the breakfast nook, and the upper berth.—Advertisers Digest.

Experience is a strenuous teacher. No graduates, no degrees, some survivors.

—Rotary Reminder, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Ever notice when a man gets up near the top of the ladder of success there are always a few friends and fellow workers steadying it for him?—Tabasco, Rich-Mond, Virginia.

Teacher: "What happens when a body is immersed in water?"

Johnnie: "The telephone rings."—Rotaview, Longview, Texas.

One of the greatest marksmen of the FBI was passing through a small town and everywhere he saw evidence of amazing shooting. On trees, on walls, on

fences, and on barns were numberless bullseyes with the bullet hole in the exact center. He asked to meet the person responsible for this great marksmanship. The man turned out to be the village idiot.

"This is the most wonderful marksmanship I have ever seen," said the FBI man. "How in the world do you do it?"

"Easy as pie. I shoot first and draw the circles afterward."—The Weekly Commentator, GLACE BAY, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA.

Wife to husband: "All right, I admit I like to spend money. But just name one other extravagance."—**Sotaview, Longview, Texas.

Dogology

I open special dog food;
I try a dozen brands—
Set out cool milk, and crumble
Dog biscuits. He demands
Nibbles from choicest chocolates,
A bit of angel cake,
Cookies or slices of boiled ham,
Or breast of fowl. I take
My meals in short installments
When he is not around,
For fear I'll hurt the feelings
Or the tummy of my hound.

-GRACE STILLMAN MINCK

Limerick Corner

Wrote Arnold Bennett: "Time is the inexplicable raw material of everything." He might have added, "Yes, even of writing the first four lines of a limerick." But not much time, The Fixer hastens to assure readers. So why not use a few moments for the purpose? It's really easy—and your effort may bring you \$5, for if your verse is selected as the limerick-contest winner of the month, you will receive a check for that amount. Address your contribution to The Fixer, care of The Rotariam Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

This month's winner comes from Mrs. R. Hilder, wife of an Orange, Australia. Rotarian. Think of a line to complete it—then send your contribution to The Fixer. If it is selected as one of the "ten best," you will receive \$2. The closing date for entries: January 15, 1951.

NIGHT NEWS
At a Rotary Changeover Night
All the fellows were filled with delight
When the President said,
After scratching his head,

SLOWDOWN FOR DASH

Just why Dash slowed down after his
whichwind courtship we won't, of course,
ever know (he was first mentioned in
this corner in the July issue), but readers
have supplied a number of possible rea-

sons. Here is the bobtailed verse again: There was a young fellow named Dash, Who courted his girl like a flash; But at marriage he failed Because it entailed

The Fixer has selected "ten best" to complete the verse. Here they are:

His raising two bucks in real cash.

(J. M. Hammond, member of the
Rotery Club of Lincoln, Nebraska.)

Too offen a mother-in-law clash.

(Grace M. Cook, Parsons, Kansas.)

A divorce from his ticklish mustache.
(Carlyn Renkel, Elyria, Obio.)
Too many potatoes to mash.
(Sarah L. Deese, secretary of a
Monroe, North Carolina, Roterian.)

The skill and the will fo make hash (Saul Barman, member of the Rotary Club of Hartford, Connecticut.)
The outlay of considerable cash.
(Charles L Albort, member of the Rotary Club of Bethiohem, Pa.)

Esting all of her glorified hash.
(Barbara Mendels, Piedmont, Quebec, Canada.)
Household chores, cupboard stores, ready

(Moward Chapman, member of the Rotary Club of Banbury, England.) Too much clash, too much cash, too much hash

(Mrs. Harry Lurton, wife of a Pensacola, Florida, Rotarian.) A surrender, which he thought rash. (Mrs. Daisy M. Rogers, wife of a Dauphin, Manitoba, Canada, Rotarian.)



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Last Page Comment

PHILOSOPHER WILL DURANT, whose road map to happiness you've already studied (unless you read magazines Chinese-style, as do many Occidentals), suggests a question. It is this: Of all the 342,000 men who are Rotarians, who is the happiest? Even the redoubtable Dr. Gallup couldn't devise a way to prove us wrong, so we'll come out with the flat-footed statement that the happiest man in Rotary is a lumber dealer now in sunset years and he lives in Cleveland over in Ohio. His name

You may have attended Rotary's Convention in Detroit last June and not have seen Arch, though he is one of our Past Presidents. Modesty is one of his virtues, and he carries it to the point of self-effacement. But had your eyes seen his face kindle with joy when the Rotary Fellows took the stage, you would understand why we've singled Arch out as our choice for the happiest man in Rotary. For Arch Klumph was seeing a 33-year-old dream realized.

is Arch C. Klumph.

IT WAS BACK IN 1917 that he first gave it voice. The place was Atlanta, Georgia, and delegates from 266 Clubs of the "International Association of Rotary Clubs" were meeting there. An onlooker might have put it down as "just another convention" in the American pattern, for enthusiasm overflowed the hall in the form of street parades led by quick-stepping bands. President Arch liked the musical touch-he still loves to caress a flute-but he didn't forget that Europe was aflame with the "war to end wars." And he conceived of Rotary as an organization to translate idealism into action in a world all hoped would be made "safe for democracy."

"Let us," he declared, "start some great educational service to mankind." He was sure that "for the purpose of doing good in the world, in charitable, educational, or other avenues of community service" Rotary should set up an endowed foundation.

Perhaps even more than he,

Founder Paul Harris, and other Rotary seers of that day realized, the movement was at a crossroads. That it turned to the path of serious service is due to many factors, of course, but important among them is the vision Arch Klumph shared with fellow Rotarians at Atlanta in 1917.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS LATER, we pause with considerable pride to note, the Rotary Foundation has received some 2½ million dollars in contributions. Among its achievements is the supply of more than 12,000 food and clothing packages to former Rotarians, their widows, and children in wardevastated countries. But the Foundation's great work today is just what Arch Klumph dared in 1917 to hope it would be—"some great educational service to mankind."

THE 1950-51 CROP of Rotary Fellows consists of 85 young men and women representing 24 countries, each carrying on advanced study in a foreign land. They bring to 195 the total who have been so privileged—according to The Rotary Foundation Story, a leaflet recently issued by Rotary International. Ponder upon that fact and reflect upon the point that this project is but well launched.

That's why we propose Arch Klumph as the happiest man in Rotary today. You'll second the nomination, won't you, Dr. Durant?

MOSQUITOES AND CIVILIZATION don't mix well. Usually it's a case of one or the other, as Arnold J. Toynbee, the distinguished English historian, makes vividly clear in his A Study of History (pages 357-358, in case you're interested). The course of human events in Greece has been diverted for at least 20 centuries by mosquito-borne malaria, a theme detailed in W. H. S. Jones' book Malaria and Greek History. Only in the light of such facts can the enormity of the United Nations achievement, recounted elsewhere

in this issue, be appraised. Though it has been crowded off the front page by news of wars and rumors of wars, the conquest of anopheles in Greece is a victory for peace.

HERE'S A TIP

for you, Mr. Program Chairman, for bringing before your Club the importance of every citizen exercising his right of franchise. Select two men to present pro and con a localized version of our November symposium-of-the-month. Allow at least ten minutes for comment from the floor. Success of that part of the program will be assured if you announce it at the previous Club meeting and urge everyone to read the cross-section of world-wide opinion assembled on pages 24-26 of this month's issue.

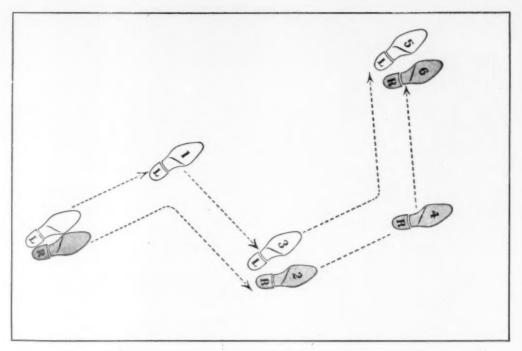
speaking of elections, we're reminded of a statement recently adopted by the Board of Directors of Rotary International, which we reproduce herewith without comment because no comment is needed:

It has come to the attention of the Board of Directors of Rotary International that in certain zones of the U.S.A. ungentlemanly and un-Rotarian tactics were used in electioneering in behalf of certain candidates. The Board looks with disfavor upon these un-Rotarian methods and hopes they will not be used in the future.

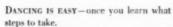
THERE'S A TAINT in the expression "displaced persons," or "D. P.'s," that blurs the purpose back of the effort to relocate persons victimized by war and postwar conditions. That's why an American has proposed the term "Delayed Pilgrim," but equally good is another used in the Antipodes: "New Australians." It seems that a Rotarian in Essendon was host to a couple recently arrived from Latvia and in the course of a tour around town learned it was distasteful to them to be called "D. ".'s." In a flash of inspiration he thought of "New Australians." His fellow Club members thought so well of it they proposed it to the Government. And that's why throughout Australia today, both in everyday speech as well as in official documents, the thousands of newcom-

-your Editors

ers are New Australians.



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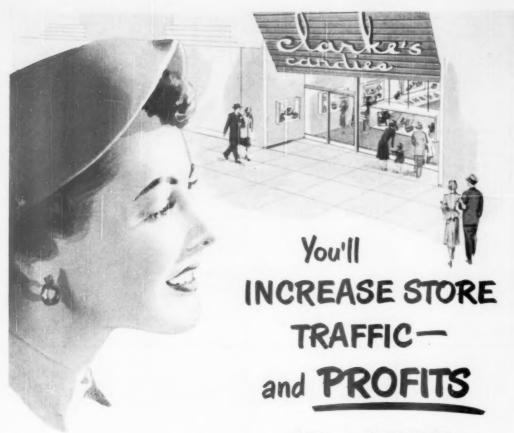
Both plans are simple, and call for no effort on your part. Both plans add up to the same thing—money to live on in the future.

So start finding out about them. Remember, it only takes two minutes today to learn how you can make your tomorrows a lot more carefree!

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WITH A KAWNEER STORE FRONT

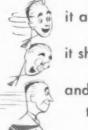
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